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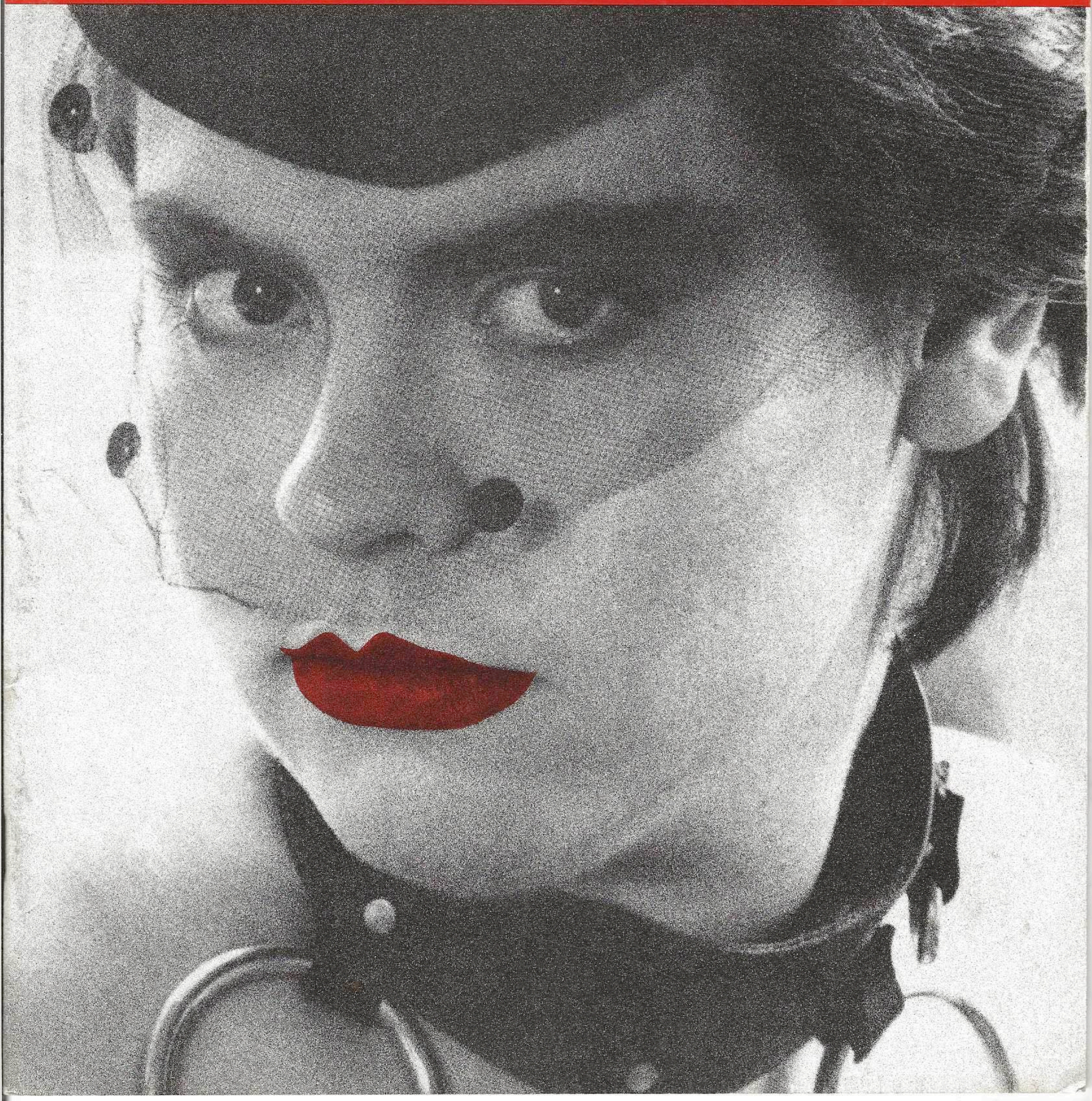

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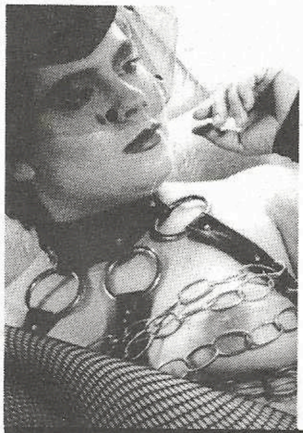

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Vol. 5 , No. 5 ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN *May - June, 1989*

Petrére

COLUMNS

3 **Letters to the Editor**

6 **Toys For Us** . . . Susie Bright
The More Things Change...

9 **Fantasies** . . . Jewels Kuchen
Peppermint

11 **Sexpoint** . . . Sue Kossoy
Diary of a Mad Pornographer

12 **Sextracts** . . . Marcy Sheiner
Lesbian News from All Over

FICTION

18 **Rodeo** . . . Victoria Lynne Neil
The Black Velvet Barrel-Racer who almost got away.

20 **Butch Flip** . . . L. Nash
Femme Fatale gives Butch a Refresher Course.

30 **Bathing Suit** . . . Kay Laddie
Steaming up a dressing room in the sunshine state.

32 **New Orleans** . . . Sapphire
Sad-eyed lady healed by lover's skillful tongue.

FEATURES

34 **Reviews / Books & Videos**
AIDS, Women, and Lesbian Sexuality

PICTURES

23 **Nicole & Eva** . . . Jessica Tanzer
The camera couldn't keep up with them , but we sure had fun trying.

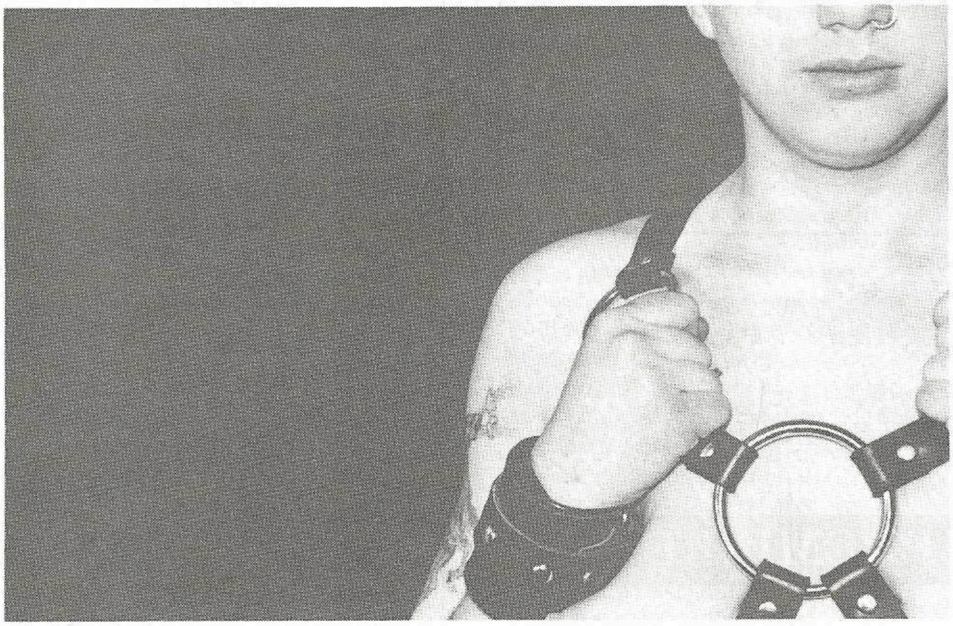
35 **Crowning Glory** . . . Riitta Makinen
Hair in all the right places...and then some.

14 **Greta Unmasked** . . . Kelly Dylan
The mysterious masked star of "Clips" bares all.

46 **Contributors' Notes**

47 **Classifieds**

Cover: Kelly Dylan
Model: Greta Christina



Della Disgrace

As a lesbian and a nurse practitioner in a sexually transmitted disease clinic, I was very impressed with the safe sex articles in the Fall '87 issue of *On Our Backs*. I see an average of one or two lesbians and bisexual women per month in my practice. I would like your permission to copy the "Lesbians, AIDS and Safe Sex" section for distribution and as an aid in my counselling for these women.

Thank you for helping to keep all of us safe.
Trudy Jones, ARNP
Seattle, WA

Thanks so much for the service you are providing. It was so enlightening to read the article about your personals column and the variety of experiences women have had using your ads. It gives me a bit of perspective on my recent role, too, as I've been answering ads (this is my fourth). Now, after reading the article, and also from finding out that my most recent "date" didn't get all that many responses to her ad, I feel like I'm sort of special. Somebody's got to be brave enough to run the ad, and then somebody else has to be brave enough to stop drooling and answer the doggone thing.

Personally, I'm tired of drooling alone, so I've resolved to respond to every ad that I turn to read more than twice.

Results? Yes! You didn't ask, but I thought I'd tell you anyway. Hot letters, phone sex, S/M play date(s), interesting women, and continuing excitement are mine, thanks to the decision to take a little risk and answer a few ads. My thanks to you for making it possible, for making it easy.

Please, please don't stop. I promise I'll answer more ads. I may even run one of my own some day. Just don't stop what you're doing to me/for me/for her.
Raven
Palo Alto, CA

In answer to question from Daralee and Nancy, Birmingham, Alabama, regarding how to take discreet erotica snapshots: I have the answer to their question regarding photo taking while in action, provided they aren't using a Polaroid camera. If they are, my suggestion would be to buy an inexpensive 35mm camera and a tripod together with an accessory known as an airtube which is attached to the shutter and the other end is in someone's hand. This accessory can be bought at K-Mart. With just a squeeze of the hand you can have action photos without moving or interrupting the action.

You simply set the camera on the tripod, focusing in on where the action will take place, get into the action and at the moment you want to snap the photo, squeeze the airtube bubble in the hand. The photo will be taken and you will never miss a beat.

If a Polaroid camera is being used because of fear of having photos developed, these fears can be forever quieted. I have used Spectra Photo, P.O. Box 4958, Syracuse, NY 13221, for about 15 years and recommend them very highly. Their work is excellent, they are very discreet, and I have sent in literally hundreds of rolls of film to them and never has one been misplaced, lost or tampered with. You can always expect your photos returned to you within a couple of weeks.

Hope this will let Daralee and Nancy in for some very exciting photos.
Jeanine Marie
Stone Mtn., GA

Your January/February 1989 issue was super, especially Annie Sprinkle's two shots of hairy pussies and the fisting pictures. More, more, more pussies and fisting. How about some comments by women who participate?

Keep up the good work. Call me fascinated.
J. Bird
Glendale, CA

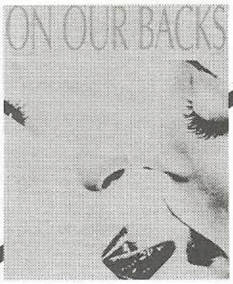
I just picked up your January/ February 1989 issue and what a surprise! Jill Posener's photos of Miki and Ruby are incredibly hot — possibly the best yet.

I buy your magazine regularly and I can never get home quickly enough to savor each delicious page, cover to cover. You certainly got more than my attention.
Linda S.
Boston, MA

This is in response to the reader in Rhode Island who's out shopping for garlic: get with it, girl! Vampirism is a natural aspect of women's sexuality. We Bleed! I need not recount the tired

ON OUR BACKS, WINTER 1987

Gay Games Pictorial
Fist Fucking Article
The Mistress
Erotic Photo Contest
Cruising Over 40



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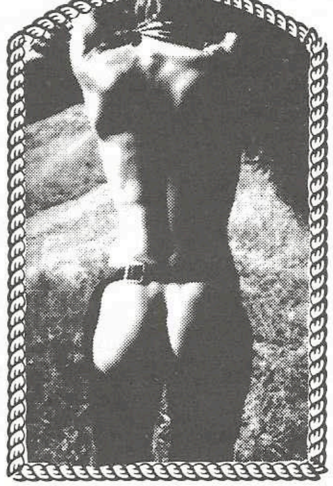

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history of how menstruation has been cursed, vilified and taboo'd throughout the centuries. Twenty years ago Germaine Greer pointed out that she who cannot taste her own menstrual blood is severely handicapped. Bias against vampires is simply an extension of the repression and fear of female sexuality. It's time we came out of our crypts!
Gabrielle
Transylvania/Lower London/Egypt/New Orleans/San Francisco

I was completely grossed out by your doll-fucking photographs. Is this what you call erotic? Barbie has got to be the ugliest piece of shit to come out of Amerikan factories. I do not appreciate seeing her plastic head emerging from a perfectly good pussy!
J.G.
Peoria, Illinois

Thank you for the story, "Judgment Day." More of us have experienced the terror of AIDS and the anxiety of getting tested than we care to admit. As we become more honest about our sexual activities, we will be better able to define and deal with the realities of AIDS in the lesbian community.
Marlayna Dawson
San Francisco, CA

Lonely in Dallas, On Our Backs came to my rescue. In November I met up with the hottest, wettest and most enthusiastic lover I've ever had. Needless to say, we haven't had our hands and lips off each other until the company I work for sent me to Dallas, Texas for training. Over the weekend I visited the gay/lesbian district, and while in Lobo's it made me very happy to come across your magazine. I realized then that I hadn't received my fall issue — sorry, but I've been too busy acting out and practicing previous articles and stories I've read. I grabbed up Lobo's last fall issue only to find a January-February '89 issue. I got super excited knowing this must mean more issues per year. So I've enclosed a check and sub for the next two years.

My rescue came from purchasing bot the Fall and January-February issues and having them here to read. The story, "Voice on the End of the Line" really got my lover and me hot and wet as I read it to her over the phone. One more night left in Dallas, St. Louis, Missouri bound tomorrow.
Sandra Garrison
Dallas, TX

As the mother of a daughter who attends college in the Northampton, Mass. area, I was dismayed to hear about the closing of Womonfyre Books and the anti-sex witchhunts going on in that vicinity. I am not a lesbian, but I want my daughter to grow up in a world that does not limit and warp her sexuality. In fact, I was under the impression that the Northampton–Amherst area was an enlightened place, which is one of the reasons I was happy with my daughter's choice of school. But apparently these activists' "politics" are as warped as their sexuality.

As for me, I am buying my daughter a gift subscription to your magazine. Whether she identifies as straight, gay or bisexual, she can at least learn from *On Our Backs* that female sexuality is a cause for celebration, not helfire–and–brimstone damnation.
Linda Matthews
San Diego, CA

Oooooh....that photo of a gray–haired bare–breasted beauty on page 28 took my breath away. I can't remember when or if I've seen weathered tits in a commercial magazine before. Are there any other young lesbians like me who have a fetish for older women?

Old dykes don't have to die — now they can become *On Our Backs* centerfolds! Give us more!
B.F.
White Plains, NY

As a 58-year–old woman, I truly appreciated "Cactus Love," both photos and story. The sex, in particular, managed to be sensitive as well as hot, disproving myths about sexuality diminishing with age. Keep it up and you too, *On Our Backs,* will still be sexy at 60!
S.J.
Youngstown, Ohio

So how come only seven percent of your "Personals" users are over 45? Maybe you should do more stories like "Cactus Love!"
Ellen G.
San Jose, CA

Wow! Thirty-six of the respondents to your "Personals" columns had great sex?! I sure didn't get results like that from the Saturday Review of Books! Here's my ad.
L.B.
Patterson, N.J.

We loved your January/February 1989 issue on fisting, public fucking, and the photos by Grace Lau. Tee Corinne on page 35 is too much!

We wish you could show an occasional muscle woman. Also, could you show us S/M'ers a little leather? The photos in the March-April issue of the leather dykes was great. I love the shot of the little blonde getting fucked with the leather dildo.

We pick up an issue of *On Our Backs* when it hits the newsstand, but it sure would be nice if it came out each month.
Frankie and Marie
Los Angeles, CA

Thank you for your wonderful and great magazine. I often look at, read and marvel over such a great publication as *On Our Backs.* You're the only magazine that I subscribe to.

I thank you for Grace Lau and her "Muscling In." This creates quite a few pleasant moments for me. I love you. Please continue
to provide me with pleasure. I love the work you do for me as a lesbian and look forward to a continuing friendship.
Terri Wilson
Huntington Park, CA

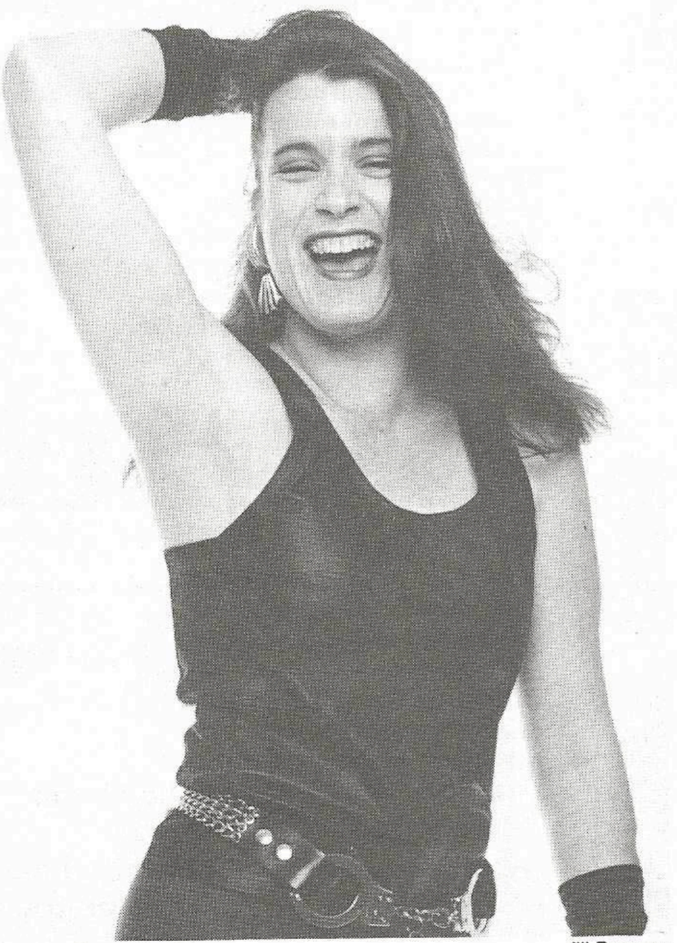
I thought I had seen the last of Nikki V. Feist at our high school graduation in 1985. I was pleasantly surprised to see her and her talented writing appear in the Winter '89 issue. I'm glad that, unlike during our high school years, she was able to write such an insightful and competent piece without fear of censorship.
Michele Mickie Trester
Ithaca, NY

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

I made my yearly pilgrimage to Hollywood to attend the Porn Oscars this spring, and I had the double stimulation of making an appearance for my anthology, *Herotica*, at Different Light Bookstore in the heart of gay Los Angeles.

There I was speaking to an SRO crowd that was so warm my glasses were fogging up, and right in the front row was carrot–top Cherelle, the first dyke I ever went to bed with. When I turned a few shades of red I assume the audience just thought I was getting overheated about anti–erotic censorship.

But Cherelle wasn't the only one making me blush with nostalgia. I went to high school in West L.A., which during the mid–70s was a beehive of teenage lesbian feminists, hippie bisexuals and proto–punk anarchists. If you asked me in 1974 I would think you had a serious screw loose if you weren't politically and sexually committed to women. However, as I have reminisced several times, my lesbian politics were a lot hotter than my lesbian sexuality, and when Cherelle first met me, I was no Susie Sexpert. I don't know how she can read *On Our Backs* with a straight face when she remembers perfectly well that I lay stiff as a board in her bed and couldn't say a word to her afterwards for months.



Courtesy Stormy Leather

Jill Posener

I had been with and initiated many girls before Cherelle, with a great deal less anxiety. They weren't gay, they weren't the bar crowd, and although I didn't know the word at the time, they weren't butch. The first time a woman ever described herself as butch to me was the time I finally insinuated myself into the beach flat of my high school heroine, Carol Jean. CJ was the first person on our campus to wear a DYKE button and she turned every assignment in our American Lit class into a gay liberation exercise. She passed me notes written in a leaky blue fountain pen, bits of sapphic homage to the female body and stinging hilarious (okay, tenth–grade hilarious) criticism of the male chauvinist politic. She also looked like a SoCal tomboy goddess — blonde, tanned smooth muscles, eyes that matched her lavender slogans.

She didn't reciprocate my infatuation; it was a miracle that I ever ended up between her sandy sheets. I remember reaching between her legs to touch the hair that looked as soft and gold as it did on her head, and she pushed me away with a start, biting me hard on the shoulder. "Now you know — I'm butch." I didn't get it. Did that mean I couldn't make love to her? Did it mean she was a vicious little mouth? I was working up the nerve to ask her when someone knocked on the door.

"Ssssh," Carol Jean said. "It might be Sherry." That was her ex.

"Well, why don't you open the door?" I asked. CJ hissed again and jumped out of bed, running into the bathroom and locking the door behind her. The knocking continued. I remember she had a Spinners 45 on, "For the Love of You" playing over and over. I must have listened to it fifteen times before Sherry gave up knocking and yelling and split. I left with CJ still holed up in the john. This was butch?

I headed back to my more familiar territory of androgyny and feminism. You know, it really wasn't all that square at the time. I remember a whole gang of us going to see a major women's music concert: Holly Near, Chris Williamson and Meg Christian. We were so keyed up afterwards that a dozen of us proceeded over to some lucky girl's house (parents gone for the weekend), ate mushrooms, and cranked up "The Changer and The Changed" on the stereo. Before you could say "Filling Up and Spilling Over", everyone was making out. A women's music orgy! This particular ranch home was equipped with every type of consumable fare. I raided the refrigerator and covered my best friend at the time, Linda, with strawberry, avocado and salami slices from head to toe and ate them off of her.

Sisterhood was indeed powerful, and also enhanced by the psychedelic period we were in. They always told you drugs lower your inhibitions, and I will be forever grateful for those early consciousness–expanding experiences. My first lesbian lover was Monique, who was French and a year younger than I, though much more worldly. One day she decided to teach me how to kiss properly with the assistance of some peyote buttons.

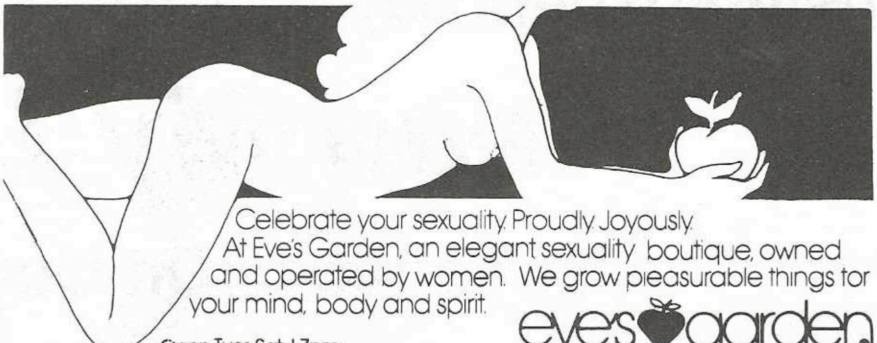
Monique was perhaps the first real sensualists I ever intimate with. She brought a bowl of roses to her bed and told me to inhale the fragrance before I ate the buttons. She had the Stones' "Sticky Fingers" on her tape player, and outside there was a terrific windstorm shaking the eucalyptus grove that surrounded the shed she lived in. When we started to get high, she took me into the shower and soaped me all over like she was bathing Aphrodite. Yes, I was ready to learn all about kissing. She kissed me for hours and held my hands above my head so I couldn't do anything else. She told me to never push my tongue down someone's throat ever again, and I learned my lesson.

This little period of sexual instruction was, if you can't guess, utterly without sexual aids of any kind. I learned to use my mouth and was only literate with my hands outside a woman's body. I strongly believed in the Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm, and my early experiences with fucking just seemed to confirm the feminist politics of the day. If I had been introduced to a dildo at that time I would have thought it was evidence of the most pathetic self–esteem. I didn't value masculinity in men, why would I want it in a woman?

Of course, I was attracted to masculinity even at that time, but it was labelled under more amazonian descriptions: strength, fearlessness, tenacity, militancy. I saw these qualities in myself too, which made it even more confusing. The things an unhatched femme has to go through!

Nowadays, I occasionally have a date with another toy box queen, but I still find that my first time in bed with a lover, it's a display of how well we learned the basics: your mouth, my hands. Kissing the way she likes it. Getting fucked the way I learned to love it. At first I thought I was simply scared to say on a first date, "Baby, strap on that Family Jewel why don't you?" because it would reveal my fantasies a little too starkly. I certainly see that same apprehension in the woman who wants to "do something" to me but either isn't aware of the equipment or is shy, like I can be, to admit that desire.

Other times, though, it's not sublimated secret wishes that keep us bare–handed and unadorned. It's that just plain old naked still feels good; it's not a hippie cliche or a feminist directive. In my case, it reminds me of a time I wouldn't have missed for all the dildos in dykeland. Δ



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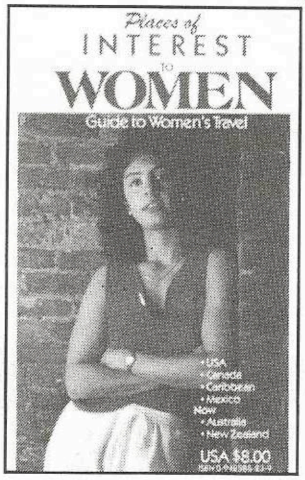

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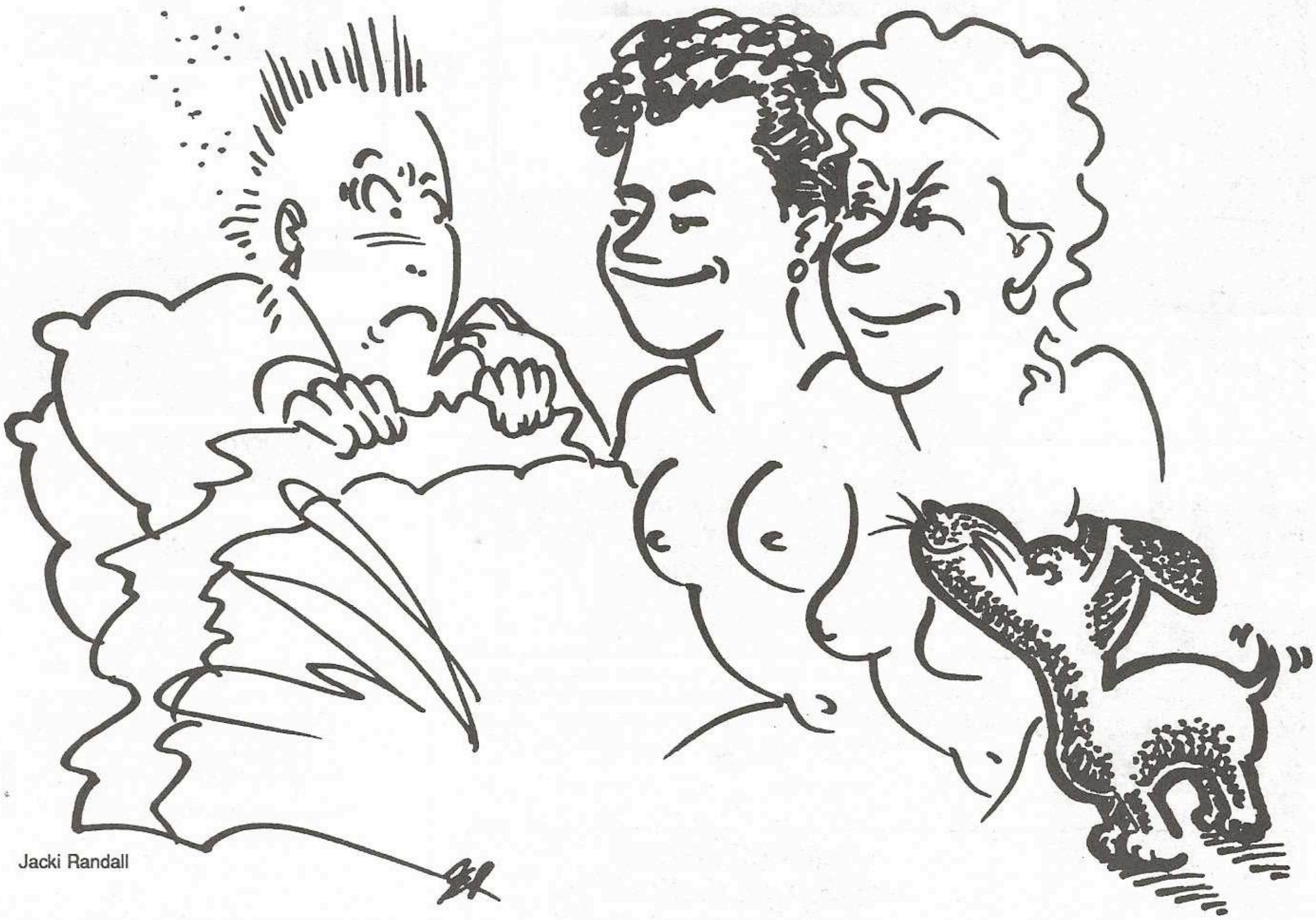

Jacki Randall

PEPPERMINT

This is a story about fucking. If you're looking for character development, read Jane Austen.

This is a story about Margaret and Katherine, the WASPs who live next door. Our bedrooms share a wall and I masturbate to their moans. I try to time it so we all come at the same time, but once I was off; very loudly, and in the silence afterwards I heard nothing next door and then embarrassed laughter. And their dog barking. It was after that that we got together.

Margaret, Katherine, and Shoshana. The two of them with their long blond hair, mine curly and brown. They invited me over and poured three glasses of wine.

Margaret offered a toast. "To Shoshana, the loveliest lady on our block." We clinked glasses and quickly downed the wine.

My neighbors didn't waste much time. Margaret sat to my left on the couch, Katherine to my right. Margaret nuzzled my neck while Katherine's fingers deftly unbuttoned my blouse, revealing my silk camisole underneath.

"This camisole is lovely," Katherine murmured, rubbing her hand over my breasts, lingering at each nipple. "But what's under it is even lovelier." She pulled the camisole out of my jeans and slid her hand under it. I gasped as her warm hand touched my breast.

Margaret was planting wet kisses on my ear. I turned and kissed her, slipping my tongue deep into her mouth, and felt another hot mouth on one of my nipples.

It was Peppermint, their pet dachsund, sucking on my hardened nipple. I know Peppermint; I'd seen her scrounging in the neighbors' garbage. I laughed to myself, even as my nipples grew tighter and my pussy dampened and clung to my panties.

Now there are moments in life where one throws caution to the wind and says, "Oh, what the hell?" I considered it, but only for about a second. Then the years of social conditioning stepped in. It was as if a giant stop sign loomed before me.

I looked at Katherine and Margaret. "The dog has got to go. Sorry."

They looked a little bewildered and a little hurt. "Are you sure?"

I nodded. In seconds Peppermint was gone and Katherine and Margaret returned, dejected.

I looked from one to the other, confused.

"Let's go out for dinner," Margaret said.

"And then maybe to a movie," Katherine added.

"But why?" I asked.

Katherine pointed to the kitchen where they had taken Peppermint. "We just can't do it without the dog." Δ

THE SANDMUTOPIA GUARDIAN
& DUNGEON JOURNAL
SEXUAL MAGIC

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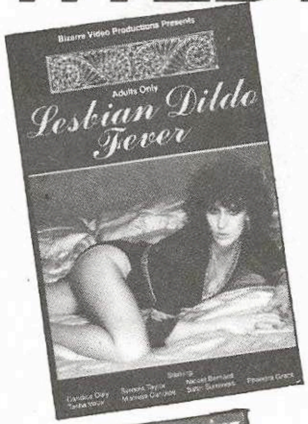
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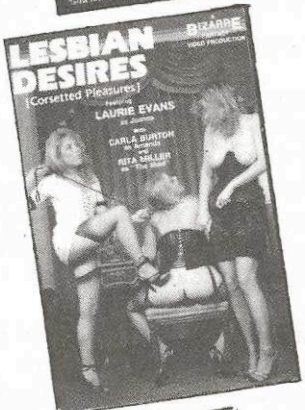
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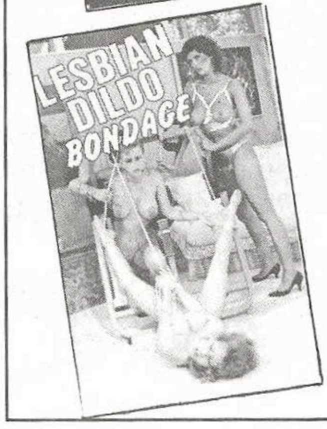
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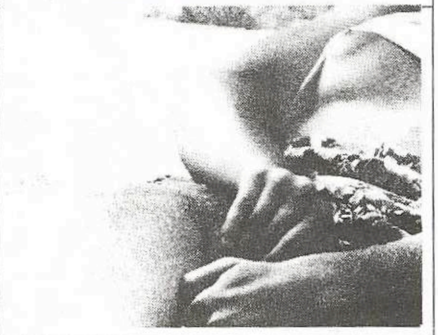

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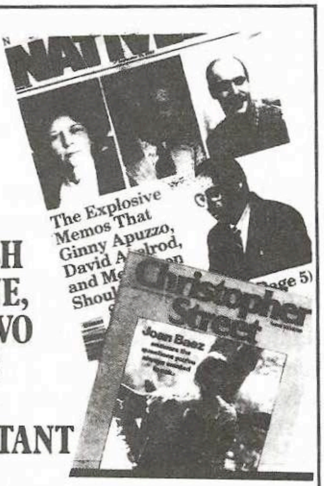
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DIARY OF A MAD PORNOGRAPHER

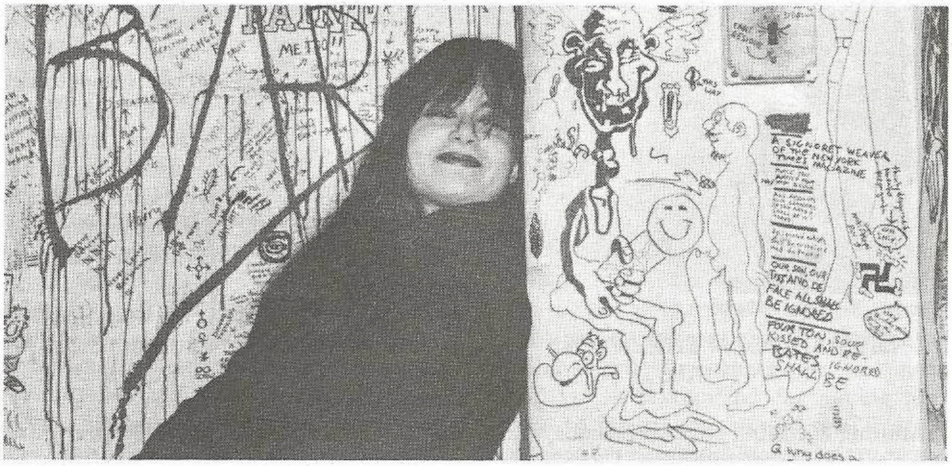
Porn is my life, or at least my job, and believe me, it's no picnic. Or maybe it is, and I'm just too gaga to know the difference anymore.

For the past two years, I've been an associate editor at *Screw*, and that places me in an awkward position, so to speak. I don't actually do sex work first hand, but sometimes everything I touch is about sex in some form or another. At the office, we even have a word for it. It's called "metaporn," porn about porn or sex about sex. Like, the columns I handle for the paper are about X-rated videos and mail-order sex toys; the features are funky exposes on obscure fetishes and satirical fantasies about public figures. I take care of an erotic "true confession" column and write about antique smut every week, and spend what's left of my time thinking up dirty jokes and parodies. If you'll notice, what all these activities have in common is at no time during the proceedings do I get to lay my hands on any haunch. You could say I get all of the stigma of working in porn with none of the fun; you could also say I get all of the titillation with none of the disappointment.

Maybe I'm jaded, but at least my standards have gotten higher. When I look at filth I want to see good filth — or at least I want it to be so bad it's amusing. Luckily, by *Screw's* very nature we see a lot of both. We get straight and gay, he-male, female and she-male. And we publish every week. So if at any time this sounds frantic or incoherent, it's because I'm trying to write it in between coming up with catchy puns about enema dominance. You'll have to trust me.

When I got this job I became *Screw's* first female editor in eight years, give or take. And unless I'm mistaken, our last column by a woman was published in about 1973; it was by a cosmically grungy hooker named Honeysuckle Divine and called Diary of a Dirty Broad. So I guess you could say it was about fucking time someone like me joined the staff.

Exactly how I ended up here is a whole 'nother story — your basic combination of misspent youth, bourgeois education and lousy job market.



M. Schafer

The last job I had was as a secretary/receptionist in a law firm. That was hell — I was considering becoming a dominatrix or go-go dancer as a step up. Now, when people give me the "exploitation" spiel I laugh. Maybe these days straight business is starting to treat its "support staff" like something more than shit, but I doubt it. One thing I like about *Screw* is it's an equal-opportunity exploiter — we treat everyone equally rudely.

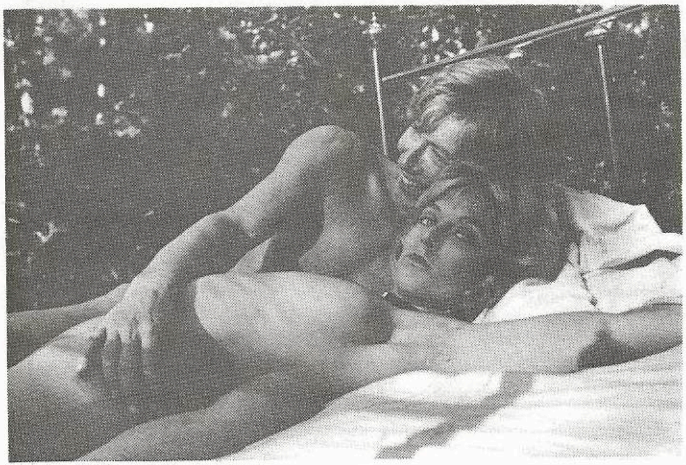
Within the company, I don't think I've ever gotten any hassles because I'm a woman, or because I like women, or because I like men, for that matter. It's a small office — the editorial and art staff totals less than a dozen people, not counting advertising. At different times the staff has been anywhere from one quarter to one half women, mostly on the art staff, which helps keep things in perspective, in a manner of speaking. I don't know how it is at other porno mags, but *Screw* is basically a satire paper, and it's hard to be seriously sexist if you don't take anything seriously — especially sex. Maybe I got lucky. But I tell you, when I called up to answer the ad for this job I was enormously relieved to hear a female voice on the other end of the line. I might have chickened out otherwise.

I've always considered sex an avocation worthy of serious endeavor, but until *Screw* came along it was just a hobby. The first job I got out of college was on a magazine on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 44th Street — the middle of Times Square. From where I sat on the 24th floor I could see all the sex theater marquees and bars and adult shops. It may sound damn melodramatic but it was a lot more exciting than the hotels and convention centers I was writing about. I started sneaking into the peeps and bookstores — sneaking is what it felt like! — but lots of the topless bars wouldn't let me in without a male escort and I never got up enough courage to go into most of the movie theaters. But then I got this job at *Screw*. I distinctly remember the time I was going into an adult bookstore on Route One in New Jersey and starting to involuntarily flinch. I had to stop and say to myself, "Yo, baby, calm down. You belong here; you're a professional sex maniac now." It was like an actual barrier had been removed — and I ain't talking latex.

The first feature I did for *Screw* was a round-up of lesbian sex magazines, including *On Our Backs*. I was pretty keen on writing it because I knew about *On Our Backs*. I'd shared a summer house with a woman who had a copy; she and I started seeing each other, until things got messy with her boyfriend. Anyway, I kept the magazine.

Then, when they got the idea that I like girls as much as the next guy, I got the assignment to review men's magazines — the soft-core stuff like *Hustler*, *Club* and *Penthouse*. I brought a, shall we say, inter-

(continued on page 43)



Courtesy Tigress Productions

LESBIAN PORN THREATENS RAIN FOREST!

Another alarming scandal has erupted in the world of "wimmins' culture." **Lesbian Connection**, the newsletter that stands as the last word in feminist lesbian thought, provoked a stampede of criticism over the past holidays by accepting an ad from **Tigress** productions, a lesbian video company. Indignant letters to LC followed, along with subscription cancellations.

One reader complained that "junk sex is junk food," likening the effects of pornography on women, lesbian or otherwise, to **McDonalds'** destruction of the world's rain forests. Another calls Tigress "male-directed" (news to us).

The core issue, however, is best expressed by a reader who says, "Erotic to me is passion, with caring definitely in priority. When lust is the main focus, it feels so negative." Goddess forbid we ever meet this woman when she finally gets horny.

Tigress producers **Lee Rothermund** and **Cris Cassidy** say that this kind of reaction to their products is nothing new. While they have been advertising in **Lesbian Connection** for three years, this was the first time they ran a picture. They intend to continue submitting ads, and applaud LC for its "bravery" in being willing to represent them. As for the accusation that Tigress is to women what McDonald's is to the rain forests, Rothermund comments "I'm a vegetarian."

IF IT'S TUESDAY THIS MUST BE CLUB FEMME

Imagine opening up the **San Francisco Chronicle** or the **New York Times** and being bombarded with a plethora of dance clubs, each with its own unique atmosphere and music, a fifth of them catering exclusively to women. Unthinkable — yet that's exactly what you'll find in the **Los Angeles Weekly**, a mainstream, ostensibly straight newspaper that unabashedly provides complete lesbian nightclub listings.

While New York City is lucky to have one functioning lesbian bar at any given moment, and many of San Francisco's enclaves operate in ever–shifting locations under code names and secret phone numbers, LA's eight clubs proudly advertise such delights as "a new attitude...a place for women to have fun with women," "a club where dressed up isn't out of place," and even a "**Cosmetics Show.**"

Among the women's bars, the most tantalizing is **"Club Rendezvous,"** which bills itself as "a private dance club for women — the teasy, easy and even slightly sleazy."

Lesbians have been expected to be grateful for an unmarked door, a broken pool table and last year's bottom 40 disco hits for too long. Los Angeles, which had been best known for its superficiality, is in the ironic position of being ahead of everyone else when it comes to lesbian public space. It's one small step from the closet to the clubs, gals, so let's get down and boogie.

KNOW YOUR OBSCENITY

A recent Supreme Court decision has allowed magazines like **On Our Backs**, along with other businesses that produce and distribute sexual materials, to breathe a little easier. The Court ruled that a 1984 seizure and shut–down of an adult bookstore in Indiana was unconstitutional. The store had been padlocked and its entire inventory seized after police purchased a few sex magazines. The raid was a test of a 1984 Congressional Amendment that followed in the wake of the Meese Commission on Pornography, adding obscenity to the list of offenses that could be included under the **Racketeer–Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO).** RICO laws are used to cover crimes like big time narcotics, where police procedures are geared toward presumed guilt and instant punishment until you can prove your innocence at a later date.

The Court ruled that authorities cannot seize materials without first proving them obscene through formal trial. What does this mean for **On Our Backs** and its readership? Prior to this ruling, police could have marched into our offices with no notice and, in the name of presumed obscenity, carted off our magazines, computers and beloved shoe telephone, locked our doors, and driven our staff into poverty, effectively depriving lesbians all across the country of many hot reading hours. Now, they'd have to take us to trial first and actually prove that the sight of women licking each other's pussies is obscene by community standards.

In another victory for freedom of expression, the Supreme Court overturned a California case in which a producer of X–rated movies was convicted of pandering, i.e., "procuring another person for prostitution" by — gasp! — paying actors to perform sexual acts in front of a camera. Like all obscenity cases, this one had implications beyond the sex industry: it could have made it a crime to hire actors for ANY sexually explicit scenes in ANY play or movie.

While these decisions strike a significant blow to the forces of censorship, we're far from home free. The Court admitted that it has no qualms whatsoever about the possibility of bookstores censoring non–sexual materials under the threat of RICO, since the deterrence of obscenity is of paramount importance.

America may not have an ayatollah issuing death threats to its writers, but draconian laws and misguided citizens accomplish the same ends. Ironically, most of the booksellers condemned for refusing to sell **Satanic Verses** would close their doors before deigning to carry a single issue of **On Our Backs**. As we've long suspected, the state views sexuality, particularly lesbian sexuality, as a greater threat to the status quo than attacks on religion.

Maybe they've got a point.

LADIES GOLF DYKE BAITED

Sports Illustrated has spilled the beans on the L-Word. In this case, we not only mean L for Lesbian but also the **Ladies Professional Golf Association**. The LGPA has been suffering from a severe lack of corporate sponsorship, in great part due to the perception among the good-ole-boy network that most of the women's golf circuit is lesbian and therefore something to be shunned. "The only thing you ever hear about the LGPA is that at least 30% of its players are gay," said Terry Kassel, a sports marketing executive.

As the thousands of gay women who attend and participate in golf tournaments every year already know, 30% is probably the lowest it gets on a rainy day. The **Dinah Shore** Easter week **Golf Tournament** is probably the single most heavily lesbian attended event outside of the **Michigan Women's Music Festival.**

Sports Illustrated provided a quick analysis of the dilemma. "In the ultra conservative, commercially oriented world of golf, the 'image problem' as LGPA officials quietly refer to it, is no small handicap."

"The whisper campaign has always hurt woman athletes," commented Donna de Varone, the chairman of the Womens Sports Foundation. "A lot of the corporate sponsors are men. They grew up believing women athletes are gay, and they don't want to give them money. We found that out in the battle for Title IX."

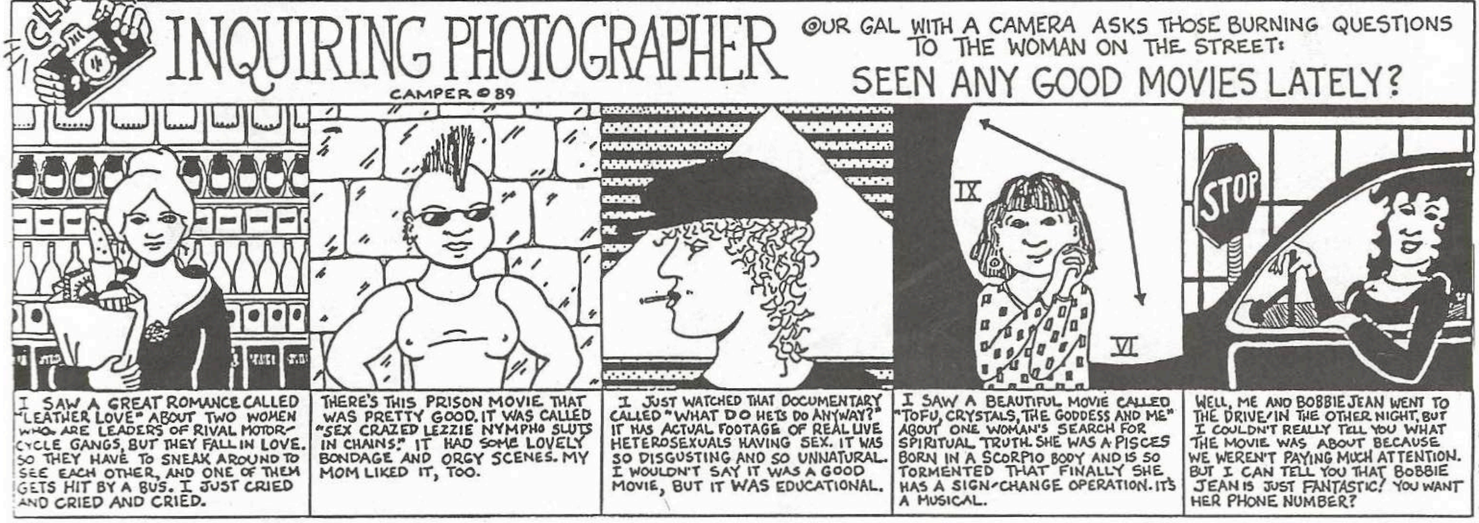
SI interviewed three points of view of the subject of lesbianism in women's sports. They spoke to a progressive sociologist, Don Sabo, who went right to the heart of the matter. "It's not about sex, it's about power. By calling a woman a lesbian, men can discount a woman's achievements and keep her institutionally subordinate. There are societies in the world that forbid two women to be alone for fear that they will band together and try to break down male dominance. There are traces of that same fear in America." Get down Don!

What are lesbian players supposed to do? The LGPA has mounted a more than slightly ridiculous campaign of photographing and promoting their comeliest players in bathing suits and Marilyn Monroe copy cat poses, in a desperate attempt to reassure the world of golf's dedication to femininity.

One anonymous veteran player spoke to **SI** and said that she doesn't believe the ugly innuendos will cease until LGPA comes clean about the lesbian issue. "It's out there," she says. "It hurts us in the business world and I'm tired of seeing it hidden, because it will go away faster if we just deal with it." Obviously this player is not in much of a hurry because she would not speak to **SI** unless her identity was hidden.

The more loathsome but ever-popular position of staying hidden at all costs was put forward by a sports shrink named Bruce Ogilvie, who has worked with several LGPA players. "It is painful just being a single professional woman athlete in America," says Oglivie. A woman athlete has to build walls against all the negativity she encounters so it won't affect her performance. Of course, the walls must be higher if she's gay. I would counsel a gay woman athlete who was considering coming out of the closet to stay inside. There would be too much pain. Society just isn't ready."

How much more painful can it get, Bruce? How long do lesbians have to deny and repudiate their very essence in order to protect women's sports? When will we be recognized for having the kind of independence and guts that it takes to break into women's pro sports to begin with? Society wasn't ready for Billie Jean King either, and corporate-sponsored tennis never considered themselves so bohemian as to be "ready" for a lesbian superstar. Does anyone think that Martina regrets coming out of the closet? Of course not. It enhanced her power as a woman, her image as a winner. There is no turning back the clock in lesbian participation in pro sports and the younger generations are going to be less and less willing to hide themselves as perverts who could ruin all the straight girls' chances. Kudos to **Sports Illustrated** for breaking the silence, and as for LGPA, the sooner they realize that dykes are on the green for good, the better. Δ


CLICK!
INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER
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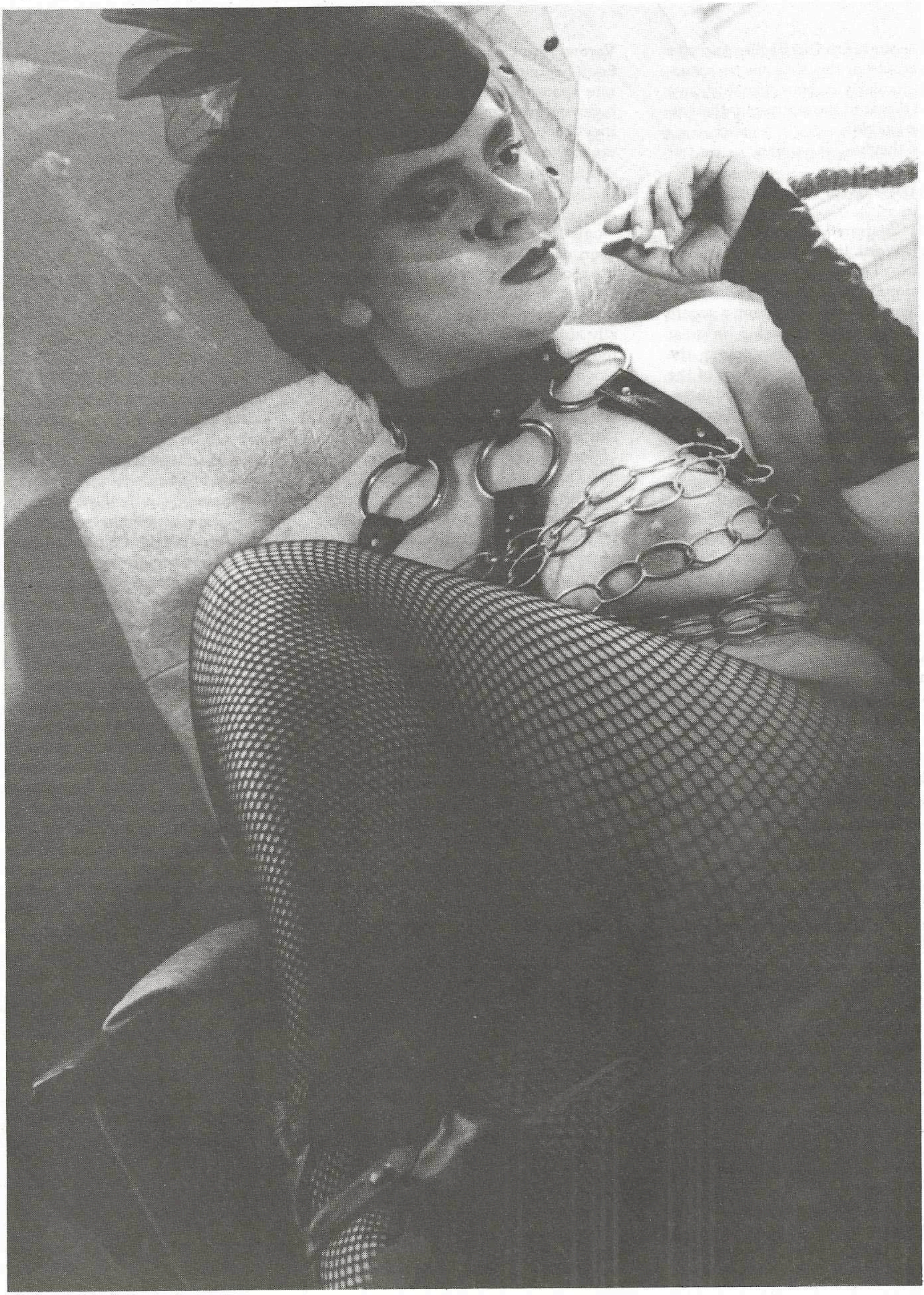
OUR GAL WITH A CAMERA ASKS THOSE BURNING QUESTIONS TO THE WOMAN ON THE STREET:
SEEN ANY GOOD MOVIES LATELY?
STOP
IX
VI
I SAW A GREAT ROMANCE CALLED "LEATHER LOVE" ABOUT TWO WOMEN WHO ARE LEADERS OF RIVAL MOTORCYCLE GANGS, BUT THEY FALL IN LOVE. SO THEY HAVE TO SNEAK AROUND TO SEE EACH OTHER, AND ONE OF THEM GETS HIT BY A BUS. I JUST CRIED AND CRIED AND CRIED.
THERE'S THIS PRISON MOVIE THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD. IT WAS CALLED "SEX CRAZED LEZZIE NYMPHO SLUTS IN CHAINS." IT HAD SOME LOVELY BONDAGE AND ORGY SCENES. MY MOM LIKED IT, TOO.
I JUST WATCHED THAT DOCUMENTARY CALLED "WHAT DO HETS DO ANYWAY?" IT HAS ACTUAL FOOTAGE OF REAL LIVE HETEROSEXUALS HAVING SEX. IT WAS SO DISGUSTING AND SO UNNATURAL. I WOULDN'T SAY IT WAS A GOOD MOVIE, BUT IT WAS EDUCATIONAL.
I SAW A BEAUTIFUL MOVIE CALLED "TOFU, CRYSTALS, THE GODDESS AND ME" ABOUT ONE WOMAN'S SEARCH FOR SPIRITUAL TRUTH. SHE WAS A PISCES BORN IN A SCORPIO BODY AND IS SO TORMENTED THAT FINALLY SHE HAS A SIGN-CHANGE OPERATION. IT'S A MUSICAL.
WELL, ME AND BOBBIE JEAN WENT TO THE DRIVE-IN THE OTHER NIGHT, BUT I COULDN'T REALLY TELL YOU WHAT THE MOVIE WAS ABOUT BECAUSE WE WEREN'T PAYING MUCH ATTENTION. BUT I CAN TELL YOU THAT BOBBIE JEAN IS JUST FANTASTIC! YOU WANT HER PHONE NUMBER?

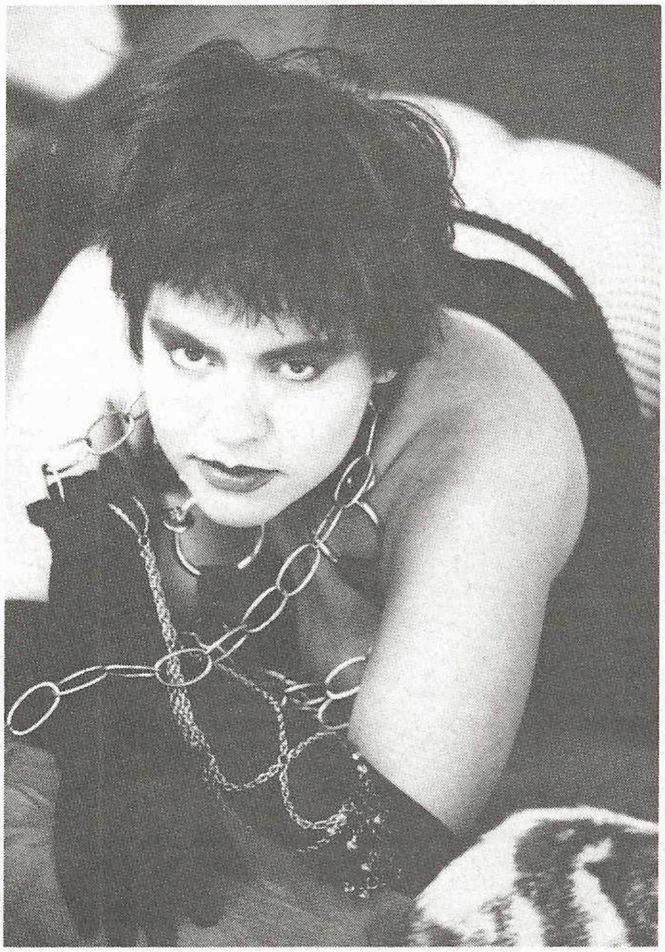
Jennifer Camper



UNMASKING GRETA

"CLIPS" Star Revealed

Greta is the star of the first scene in ***Clips****, the latest lesbian erotica from* ***Fatale Video****. She performs masked in a computer-digitized segment with her trusty Jupiter IV dildo, candlestick, and feather and silk finery. Greta is a first time performer who showed her love of fantasy and anal sex in one of the most uninhibited masturbation sequences we've ever seen.* ***On Our Backs*** *asked Greta what is was like to be one of the very few, a lesbian porn star:*



Why did I want to perform in **Clips**? Mostly, I loved the attention. Knowing that hundreds of women all over the country are getting off watching me, while they're making love or masturbating, is an indescribable turn-on.

Performing in **Clips** changed me. It strengthened my image of myself as a sexual person. It's a little like having a tattoo — I can't run away from it and pretend it didn't happen.

It built up my self-image, my sexual ego. I find it hard to think of myself as beautiful or desirable, because I'm not perfect.

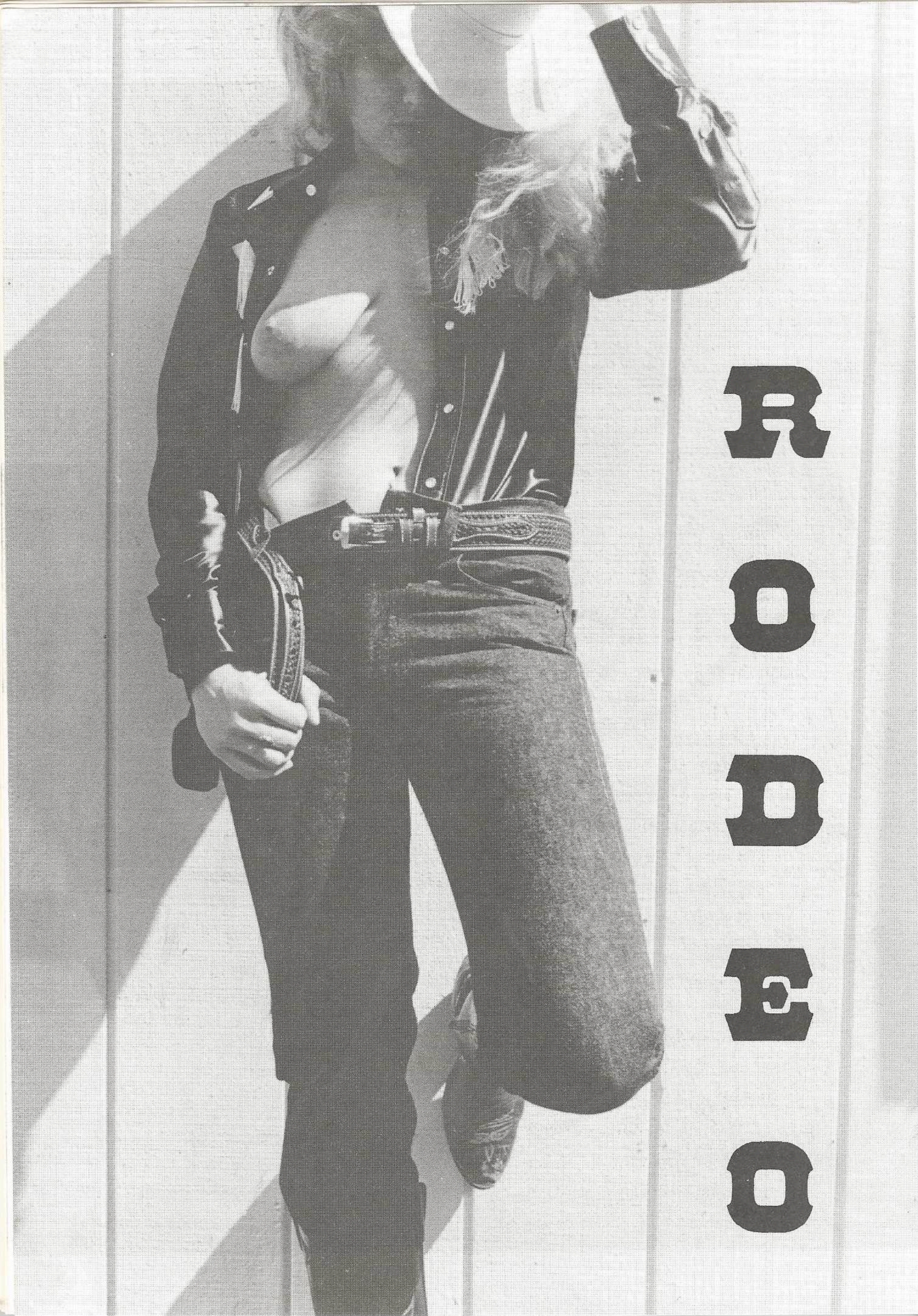
It also opened up my feelings about sex. I always thought of sex as essentially a private experience between two people (or one person, or three people, or six people...) It's a very different feeling, opening up sexually to women that I'll never meet. There's a loss of control, a blurring of definitions, that I find slightly disturbing and extremely enlightening.

Before Fatale's producers asked me to perform in **Clips**, I'd never even considered it. It was quite a surprise to discover how much of an exhibitionist I am. I always assumed that making porno films would be sleazy and degrading. But the atmosphere at Fatale was so comfortable, so human, that I felt safe and relaxed about exploring and exposing myself.

Sex in front of a camera is odd, very slow and drawn-out, stop and go. Seven hours is a long time to be sexually aroused, especially in that teasing,wait-stop-we-have-to-readjust-the-camera-okay-go-ahead manner, where the creative accomplishment is the main purpose and sexual fulfillment is secondary. I was outrageously horny for days after the shoot.

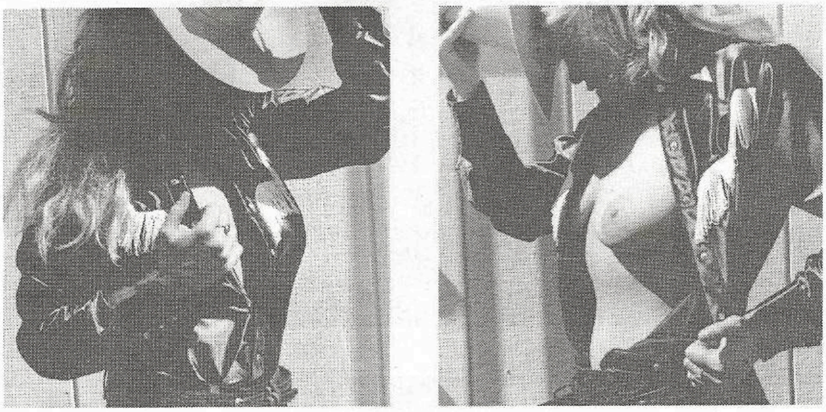
Off camera, I like sexual variety, playfulness, and openness. I like women who like to experiment, try things they hadn't thought of before. There are certainly things I'm partial to — I love to be spanked, I love getting buttfucked, I love the taste of pussy and could eat it for hours. But I don't like feeling locked into one particular role or one kind of sex. For me, the whole point of s/m and costuming and role-playing is expansion, discovering new ways to be, not limitations. ∆

PHOTOS KELLY DYLAN



RODEO

Photos Jill Posener

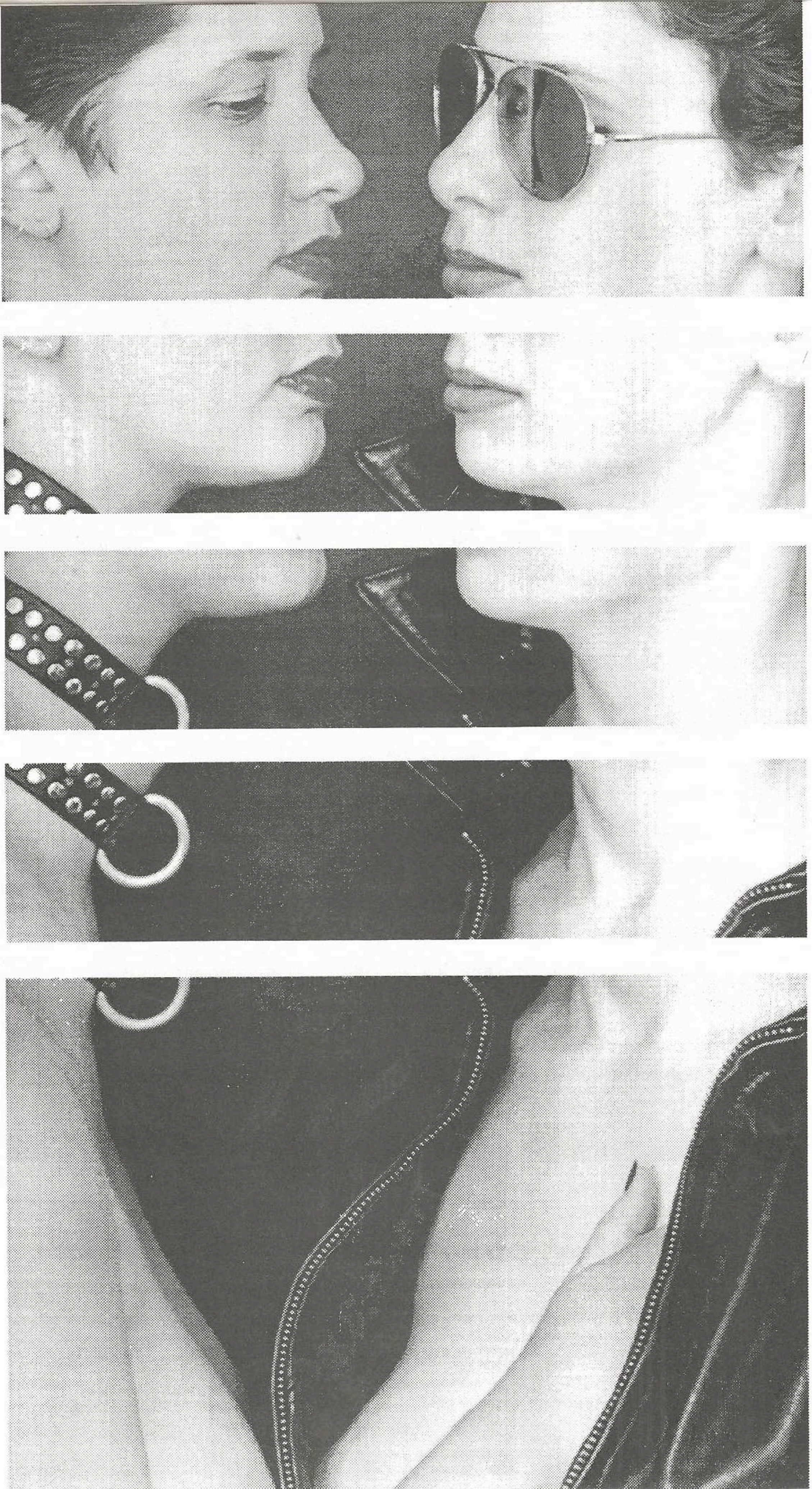


by Victoria Lynne Neil

Backstage at the Grand National Rodeo in San Francisco: fourteen of the fastest barrel racers in the country were saddled up and ready to perform for the thousands who came to experience the rodeo. The calf roping event began to draw to a close and the riders moved down the cement alley towards the main entrance to the arena. As we drew near the noise of the crowd grew louder, the lights brighter, and our spirits grew higher. In a few minutes we would be doing what we loved best.

Kat took up her position at the front of the line. She looked like one of the girls in the "Black Velvet" bourbon ads; her fair skin and flowing blonde hair contrasted against her black hat, black satin shirt and pants, black boots and caps, sitting astride her black gelding, Patrick. Kat always said she believed that part of her responsibility as a pro-barrel racer was to dress for the crowd, to give the people their money's worth. "The crowd likes a fast horse and a flashy girl."

From my position at the back of the line, smoking a Marlboro and joking with some of the other girls, Kat looked flashy all right; however, I noticed her kneading the silver-capped horn of her saddle with her black-gloved hand. She was anything but the aloof, serene professional she liked to portray. We were tied in the year's standings and were both trying to qualify for the National Finals Rodeo, the last and most important event of the year. Only one of us would be going there from San Francisco. *(continued on page 41)*



Kathy Michael

BUTCH**FLIP**

by L. Nash

All day at work, my mind is full of butches. Big women, flexing their forearms around their drink glasses. Butches, hands on hips around the pool table, watching other women walk by on the way to the john. Butches with soft bellies pushing against their t–shirts, protruding slightly over their jeans. Wearing jeans as only butches can.

I don't want a hard lean woman with no fat on her anywhere. Not that I've really got a type — in fact, the girls at the bar can't seem to figure me out. "Her? Who the fuck knows? She's been down with everything but the Titanic." It's true, my tastes have been known to run the gamut from these big butches to dangerous looking girls in full femme regalia, to fashion dykes with trendy hair, perfect clothes, and no manners. I admit, however, to a special predilection for butches — a predilection I intend to indulge tonight.

How long since the last trick, anyway? Christ, it must be months. I've been working too hard, coming home late and exhausted, sometimes too tired even to make myself come. Tonight I skip out of work early and drive home feeling wide awake — predatory, in fact. I dress neutrally: tailored black pants, red silk shirt, red glasses, big silver bracelet. I look young and intellectual, maybe even a bit innocent. Maybe.

The bar's hired a new bouncer since I was here last, and she cards me as I walk in. Initially the prospects look dim. To be sure, there's the usual crowd of butches around the pool table, but none of them interests me tonight. They're all busy hiding their softness so deep it's all but invisible, seeing who can out–posture whom. I'm not up for it. Well, it's still early. I order an over–priced carbonated water from the waitress who always flirts with me and then head for the john.

I linger in the bathroom watching a beautiful woman re-apply her lipstick; she doesn't look at me. I've seen her here before, and she likes her women taller than I am, and harder.

11:30. I contemplate going home; after all, I have to work in the morning and it's beginning to look like I'm not going to get what I want after all. Having worked myself up for an exploit, however, I'm unwilling to acknowledge defeat, so I lin–

(continued on next page)

ger. For awhile I amuse myself by trying to count how many women in the bar I've slept with, but that game can get real depressing real quick.

Just before midnight the leather dykes start to trickle in. They always arrive around midnight, in small clumps, even when they haven't been somewhere else all together. I don't know why this is, but it's true. I look them over, but I don't really know any in tonight's crowd. I decide to leave in fifteen minutes.

I'm staring idly at the door, trying to decide if I think the new bouncer's hot or not. Then, she walks in. There's hope for this evening yet. She's tall, with brown-green eyes, and the kind of lashes only little boys have, with a little boy's haircut to go with them. Long fine legs, broad shoulders, beautiful hands. She's clearly on the prowl.

She sizes up every woman who walks by with a quick deft look. Like she can imagine what every breast would feel like against her face, how every curve of hip would fall in her arms, and maybe, I add to myself, noting the keys over her left hip, how each cheek would feel against her palm. She looks like she's probably had just about everybody she's ever wanted, and if the barely veiled hunger on her face now is any indication, I'll bet she can count more tricks in her than I can. But what really gets me is that despite this very competent cruising she still looks soft to me. And smart. There's an ironic shadow playing around her mouth, like somewhere she's watching herself and being amused by her own persona. Something in me clicks into gear.

Trying to look at least passably innocent and fuckable, I observe that she does not take any special notice of the really girly girls, the killer femmes in the high high heels and the short short skirts, although many of them are trying hard to attract her attention. A dozen people around the room shout hellos to her and motion to her to join them, but, like me, she remains aloof. She begins to look just slightly contemptuous, like there's no one in the bar who can hold her attention. She hasn't seen me yet.

She has to pass me if she wants a drink, and sure enough, she's heading for the bar. Long easy stride, still giving every woman she passes that detached, thorough up–and–down. When her eyes come to me it is palpable; although I pretend to ignore her, my stomach tightens and my cunt begins a slow burn.

She comes to stand by my table, so close I can smell her, so close I have to look up.

"Buy you a drink?" she says in a voice as practiced as her manner, fully aware of its effect.

"Sure. Beck's dark."

She comes back with the beer and a glass of bourbon and sits down without asking, carefully folding her long legs under the table. I wait for her to speak, hoping I won't be turned off by her first line.

"Do you play chess?"

"Yes." I continue to try to look innocent, to try to keep a smirk of my own off my face.

"Mmm," she says, rolling her bourbon around in her mouth, smiling again, ever so slightly.

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Do you want to dance?"

Yes, I want to dance. I know the way I dance makes butches think about fucking me; I dance like I need to get fucked and like whoever I'm with is just the one I need to do it to me.

I can see her sweet little breasts, nipples getting hard. . .
I bet she doesn't like girls to touch them; I'll bet they turn her on too much too quick, make her feel like too much of a girl.

She leads me out onto the crowded dance floor, clearing space easily with her big body. She can dance. She's looser than many butches, more comfortable in her body. That hunger I saw on her face when she first walked in returns. She likes the way I move. She's watching me like she'd like to devour me, a faintly cruel expression on her face. I laugh to myself. Out of her leather jacket, I can see her sweet little breasts, nipples getting hard under the plaid men's shirt. I bet she doesn't like girls to touch her tits; I bet they turn her on too much too quick, make her feel like too much of a girl. I want to take her home.

The music is hot and the floor packed. We are dancing close; I can smell her sweat. She reaches out and pulls my hips towards her. That first touch is a flash of heat. I work my cunt down onto her thigh and do my very best grind. I'm driving myself crazy, getting so wet I worry I'll seep through my pants and leave a mark on her jeans. She looks like she's getting pretty worked up too: her face is flushed, and her hands tighten around my hips.

By the time the song ends, I feel positively dangerous. I want to go home now.

"Do you want another drink?" she asks.

"Yes. Let's go have it at my house." Not subtle, but very effective. I've managed to ruffle her composure, if only for a second.

"All right. How do we get there?" She wants to be pleased about going home with me, but she's miffed — she didn't get to play it her way; she's not taking me to her place. She can just ponder that on the way home.

"I have a car. Let me get my jacket."

She sits silently on the drive back to my apartment. The delicate tension between us remains, but there is an added element of uncertainty. I can sense her sitting there, all systems on alert, putting together all the pieces of our brief contact and trying to figure me out. I smile sweetly and hum along with the tape, which just happens to be playing Grace Jones' "When the Hunter Gets Captured by the Game."

We park, get out and I lead her down a shortcut through one of the quiet little alleys. I let her move me up against a garage wall and kiss me. It's hot, so hot. I want to take her clothes off and fuck her right here in the alleyway. I play slut and push against her while we kiss, secretly assessing her strength. What I find is reassuring. This woman is no marshmallow, but even with her height, she's no match for me. I'm not a tall woman and I hide my muscles under generous curves, but I'm very strong. I have to be. I have a friend who says that threat is all in the weaponry, but I like knowing that I can hold almost any woman down. She takes the pressing as a sign of my wanting her and seems reassured as we walk up the stairs to my flat.

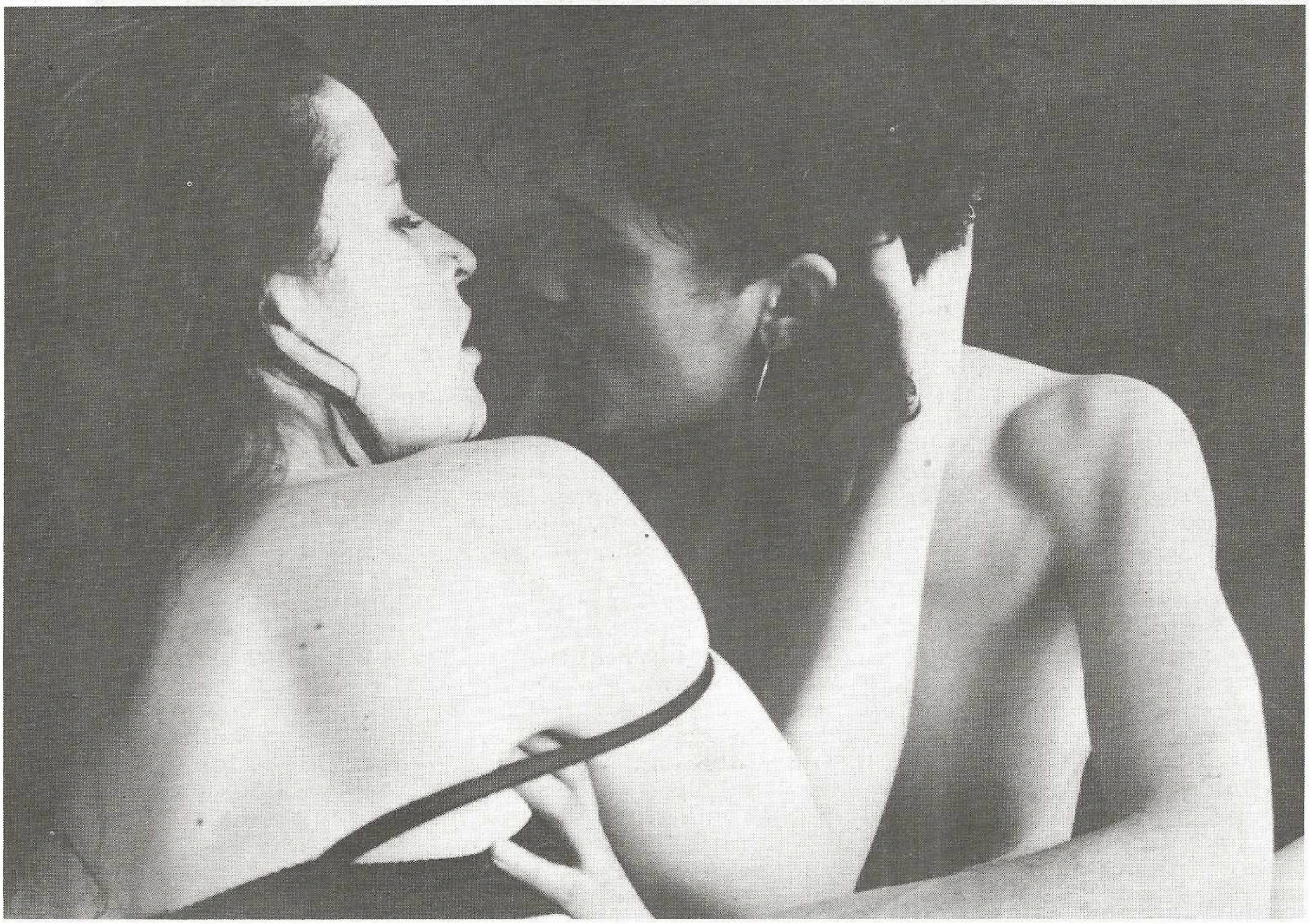
Without turning on any lights, I find her a glass of bourbon while she takes off her jacket and stands admiring my view over the bay. I sidle up behind her and press my breasts against her back, kissing her neck. "Mmm," she says again, that low appreciative sound like she makes for her bourbon, a sound that makes me imagine how her mouth would feel on my cunt.

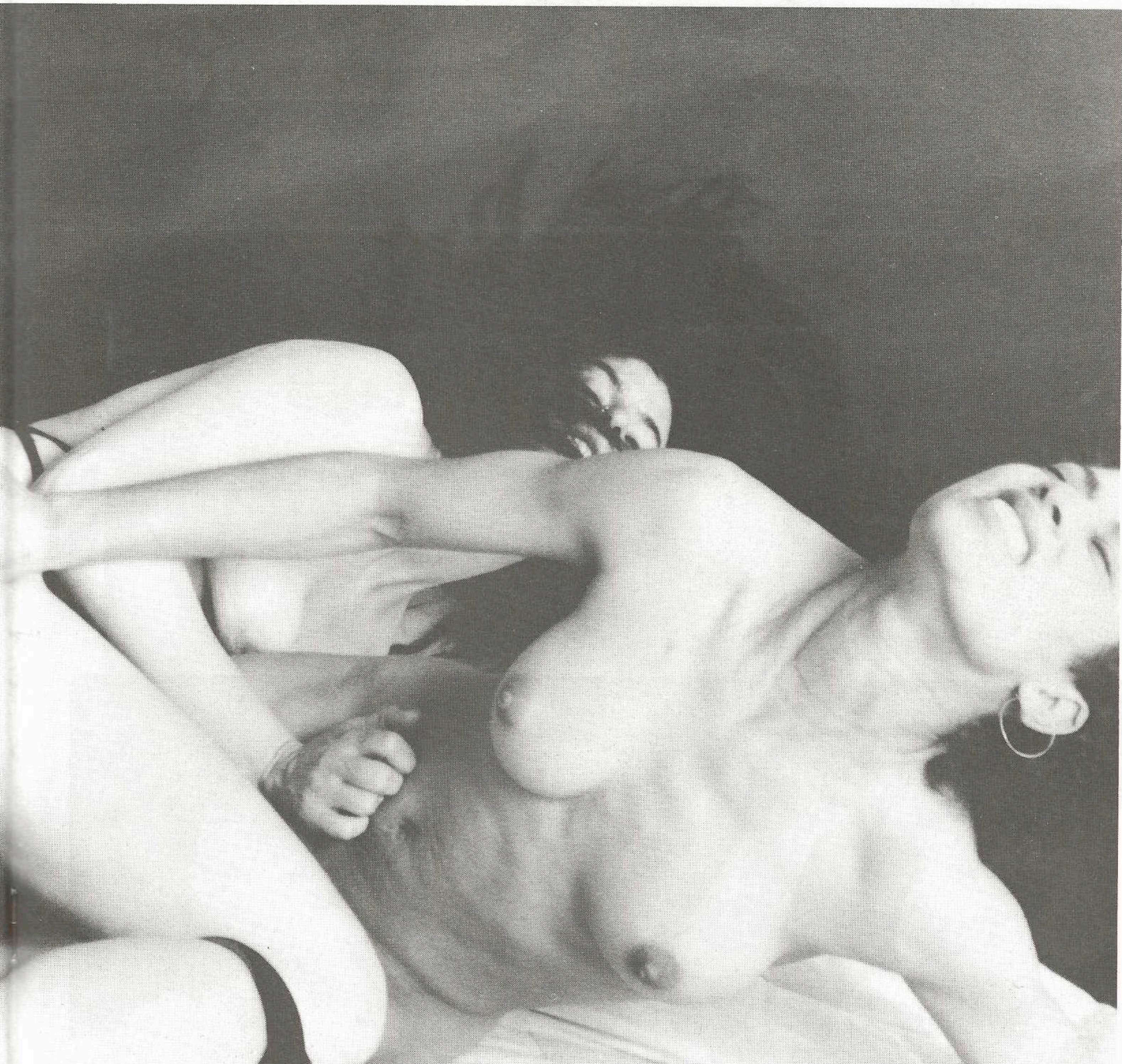
Just as she's about to turn around to take me in her arms, I grab her arm and twist it up behind her back. Pinching one of her nipples, I bite into her neck.

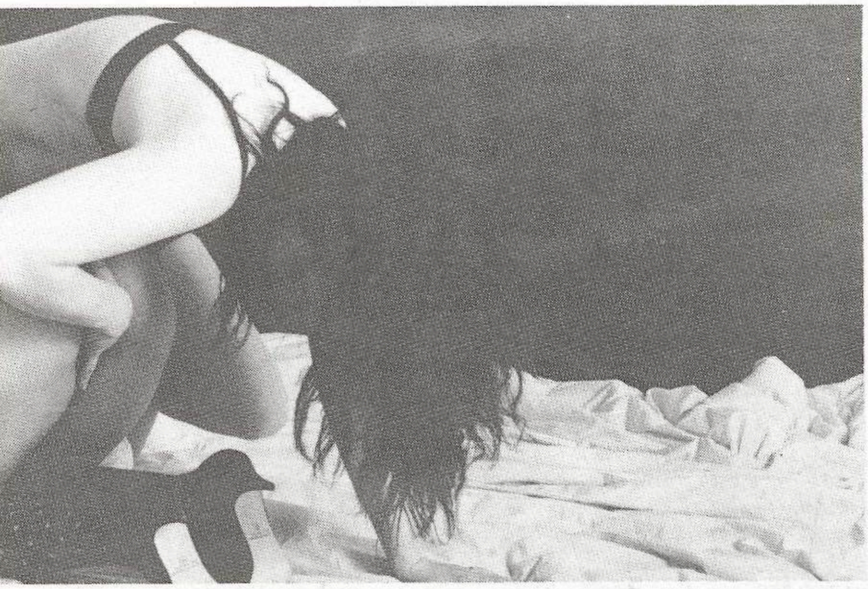
(continued on page 38)

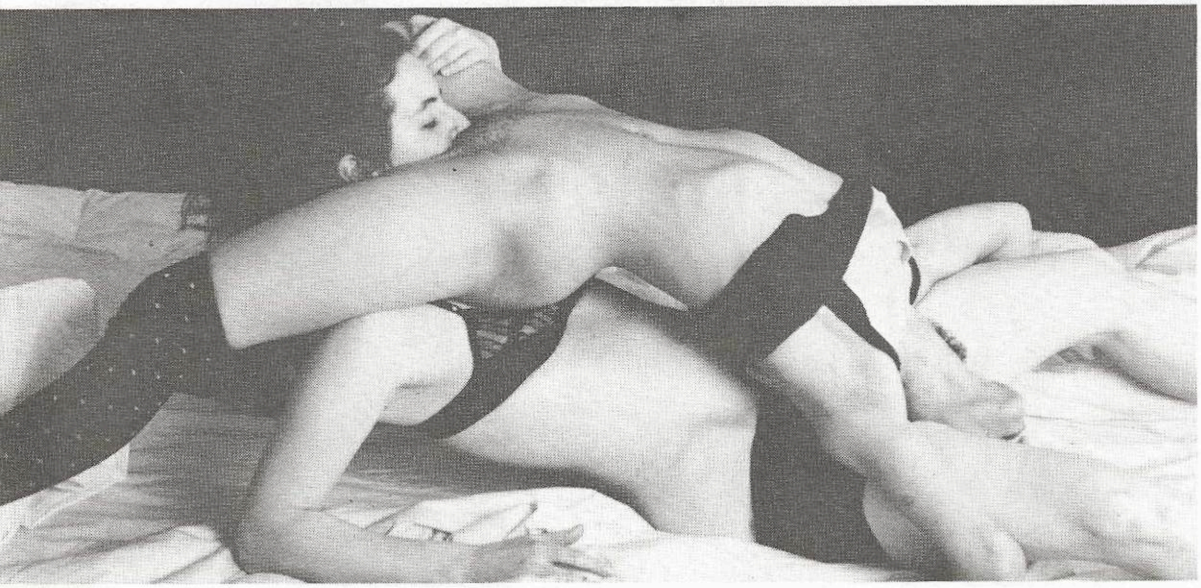
NICOLE & EVA

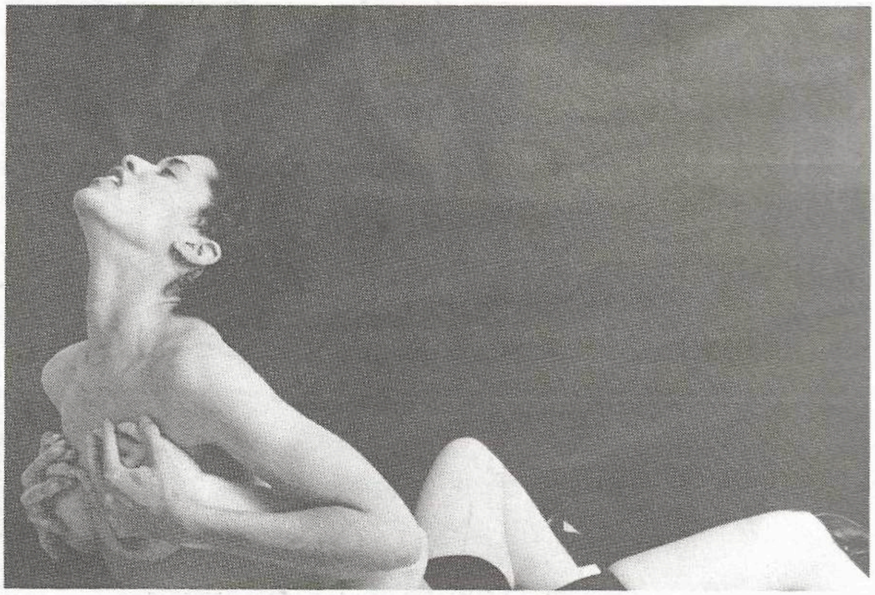
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JESSICA TANZER

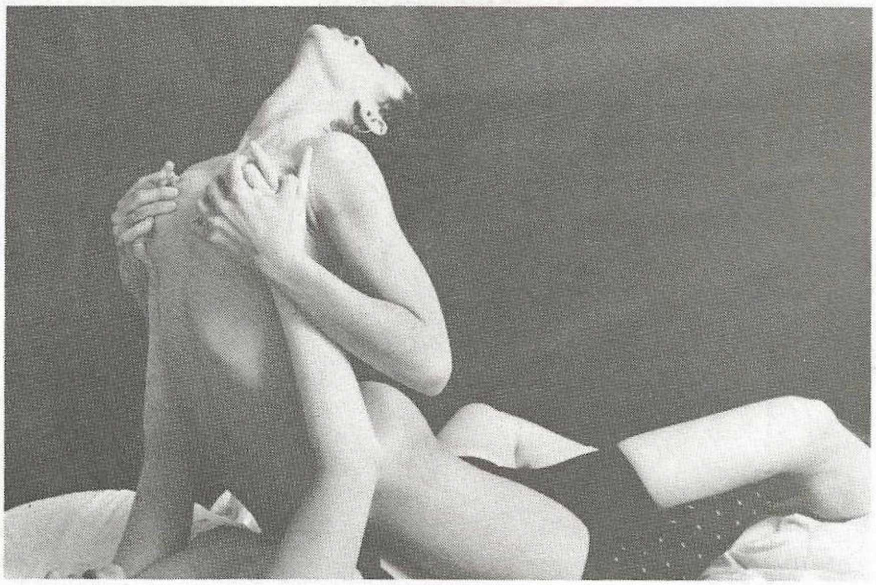


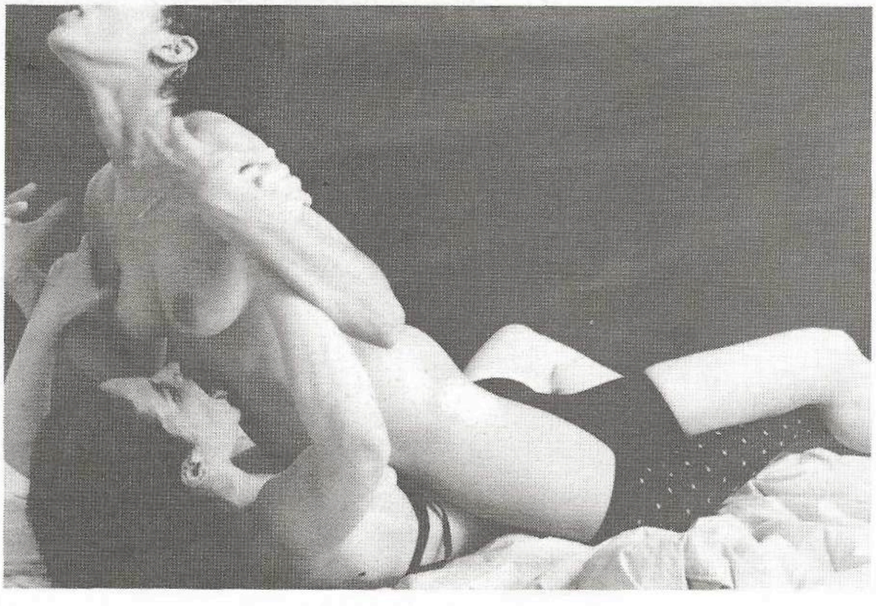


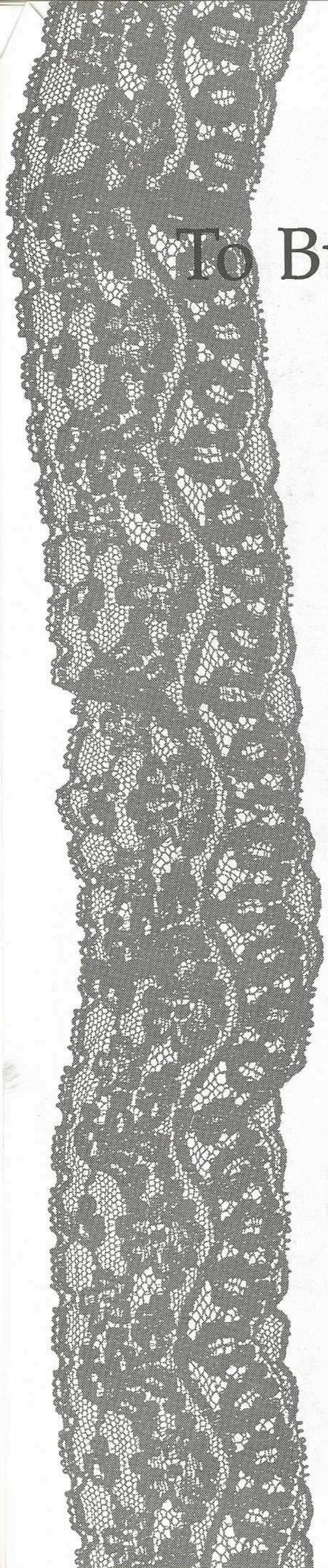












To Buy A Bathing Suit

By Kay Laddie

It was a small shop on Florida's east coast, a quaint building that seemed to languish each day in the warmth of the sun. It specialized in lingerie but, because it also sold bathing suits, I paid a visit towards the end of our first vacation of the summer. It was more out of boredom than anything else. I stopped to browse during one of those late–afternoon rains that Florida seems to be famous for, and as I looked through the racks, I saw a sales clerk looking at me in a way I hadn't felt since my sorority days in college.

The clerk was about 35 and her figure was very similar to my own. She was tall, with her blonde hair pulled up tightly in a bun. Her legs were long — you could tell despite a flowery skirt — and her peasant blouse, as puffy as it was, couldn't hide the fact that she, too, had a full bosom. I said "Hello...just looking," and she flashed beautiful white teeth and laughed.

"I'm afraid you won't find anything for your figure on this rack. These suits are universally sized and if you try to find a top in this group that will fit, you'll end up going bottomless."

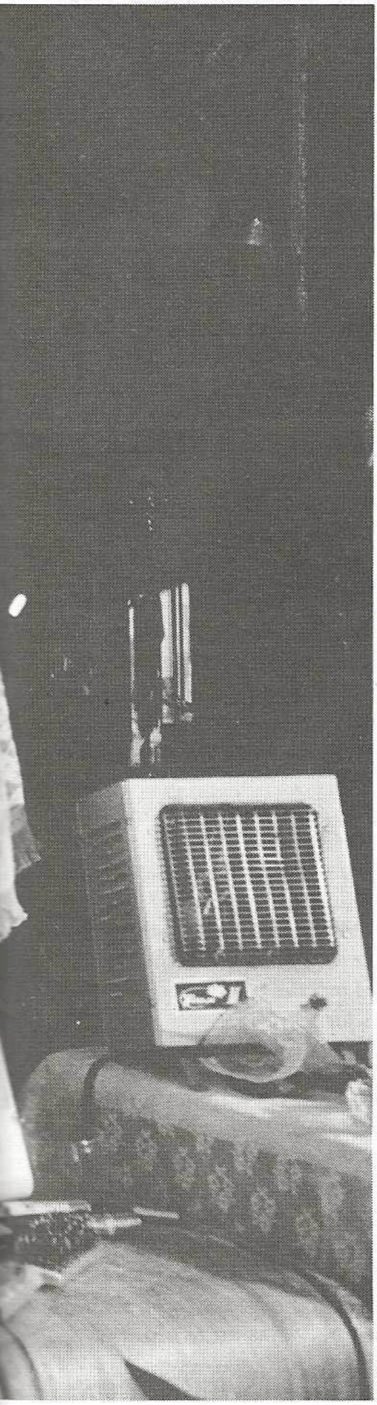
I am 5'8", 126 lbs., and I am in excellent shape, although my breasts do seem a bit

(continued on page 45)

. . . And Look At Some Bras

Jill Posener

MARCH



Tracy Mostovoy

NEW ORLEANS

BY SAPPHIRE

"You too good to eat my pussy?" she snorted.

I couldn't believe she said that.

Sunlight poured through deep purple velvet curtains, breaking through the white lace which was draped in front of the velvet. Fontaine sat at the head of her big comfortable bed surrounded by her dusty finery. Her body seemed like a series of alabaster poles resting blankly inside blue denim.

"You want the cough syrup?" Fontaine queried.

I did.

"It's from China," she informed me, "high opium content."

"Really," I murmured, "I thought the communists weren't into that anymore."

"It's not from that *China,*" she spit out.

Bob Dylan poured aquamarine and indigo from the stereo: *with your mercury mouth in the missionary times.*

"Did ya hear what I said?" Fontaine demanded.

"Yeah, 'bout China."

"No," she said emphatically, "'bout eating my pussy."

(continued on page 39)

CITY LIGHTS REVIEW, Number 2
City Lights Press
261 Columbus Ave.,S.F., CA 94133
$9.95

AIDS: THE WOMEN
Edited by Rieder and Ruppelt, Cleis Press
POB 14684, San Francisco, CA 94114
$9.95

When *On Our Backs* published the first feature on lesbians and AIDS four years ago, we wondered why no one else was posing the question in print: How is AIDS affecting us, particularly as gay women?

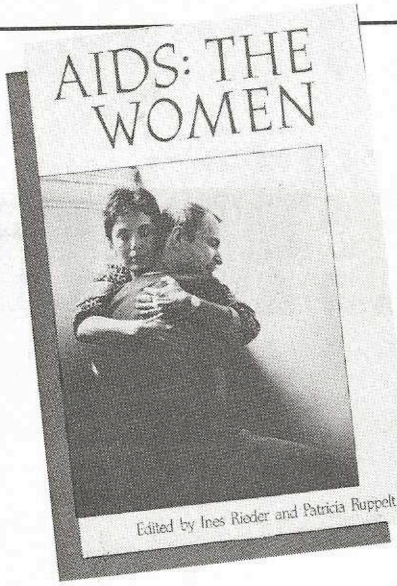
This year, women's response to AIDS and the significant lesbian reaction are reaching the pages of popular press, most eloquently in City Lights Review and most persistently in Cleis Press' book AIDS: The Wom*en.*

One could flinch picking up *AIDS: The Women* because of its cover photo, depicting a woman clasping a gay man to her breast, eyes shut in compassion, her strong arms embracing his broad shoulders which are now bent in sadness.

This cover is a cliche that doesn't reflect the book's contents. The stereotype is that women's only concern with AIDS is as caregivers. But women do have AIDS or live with lovers or relatives with AIDS. Cleis' book is the first to broaden the issue of women and AIDS beyond nursing.

Opening to the section on lesbians and AIDS, a similar suspicion, that women's only relationship to AIDS is caregiving, is voiced in an article by Deborah Stone, "A Selfish Kind of Giving." When Deborah went to work at an AIDS hospice, she was confronted by a lesbian acquaintance who told her off. "Gay boys have done shit for lesbians, and now we're rushing to their bedsides. We're acting like nurses, like a bunch of mommies. Like women always do." Cleis' anthology as a whole tries to answer this issue of neglect.

The most profound chapters are by women who have AIDS, are sero–positive or whose families have been devastated by the loss of husband, brother, son. It is stories like these that finally shatter the fetish of AIDS as a gay male disease. There's the lesbian whose brother dies of AIDS in the closet, her parents scorning her openness and burying their son with his secret intact; the lesbian who sees her lover choose suicide over dying with AIDS; the woman who loses her husband and neither of them ever know "why he got it." In the course of her story, one realizes the insignificance of the "whodunnit" preoccupation.



There's the mother with AIDS whose children are the only ones who keep her going, and there's the young HIV–positive woman who can't let go of her desire for a child.

These blunt deliveries are the heart of an otherwise determined textbook. There are sections on caregivers, education, prostitutes, prevention policy, and lesbians facing AIDS, but they don't compare with the first most personal biographies.

The "Lesbians Facing AIDS" portion of the book doesn't face the two biggest taboos in the lesbian AIDS reaction: fucking men, and the lesbian needle–user. Of course it mentions them, that is protocol, but reluctance and bewilderment are the keynotes, as exemplified by Mary Louise Adams' chapter, "All That Rubber, All That Talk." She says,in effect, look, I know dykes don't want to talk about this, but we really ought to. Then she doesn't.

In "You Have To Know Street Talk," Lea Sanchez observes that her street education work introduced her to many lesbian hookers who fuck men for a living. It's a fine and dandy revelation for those in the dark about the sex industry, but most lesbians who have sexual relations with men aren't hookers, they're the dyke next door. And lesbian needle–users are not growing horns, either.

In the climate of punishment and betrayal that surround lesbian perceptions of AIDS (Real Lesbians Don't Get Sick) it would take a lot of guts to break the silence. Lesbians are sexual. Lesbians get high. Lesbian secrets and shame are going to kill us. But unfortunately, AIDS: The Women, doesn't say this. Their collection does break new ground by addressing a female experience with AIDS, and perhaps the next time around, a few more heads will roll.

City Lights Review is an annual literary journal that decided to devote a special section to a "Forum on AIDS, Cultural Life, and the Arts," edited by Amy Scholder.

The opposite of textbook, the Forum on AIDS is a stormy 26–act piece of theater, asking as many demanding and unreasonable questions as it pleases, unconcerned with reassurance and political salvos.

James Broughton asks in his poem, "The Rape of AIDS":

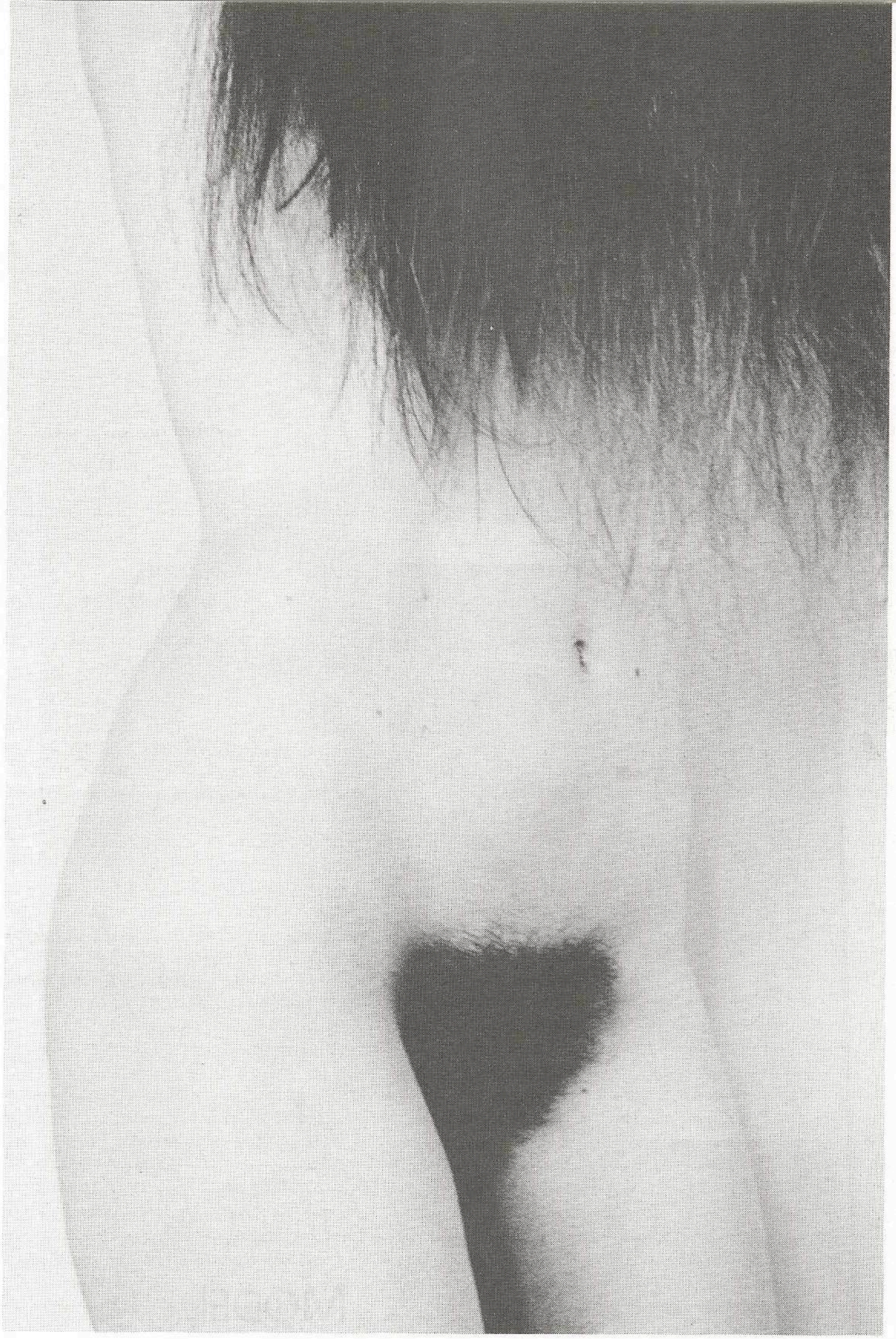
How will this penetrating plague
deflower our erotic life...
No more exchanging of vital fluids
Only soft drinks and tea for tea
No more pick–ups, procurers, or gigolos?
Only hermits and couch potatoes?
No more intimate contact with the real thing?
Only scrabble, frisbee and high– mindedness?
No more dirty novels or filthy pictures?
Only abstract art and cookbooks?
Is it back to the Closet? Back to the cave
Back into the dark untouchable future
accompanied by cries of woe
and laments for the dead?

Broughtan's outrage is more contagious than a virus. Sarah Schulman writes in her contribution that when "I sat down to work on a new novel I realized it would be impossible to write about anything but the AIDS crisis." Cindy Patton argues in a passage from her book *The Return of Unnatural Acts*, that safe sex [has ceased] to be a practice of sexual pleasure and becomes an avoidance of sexual danger:

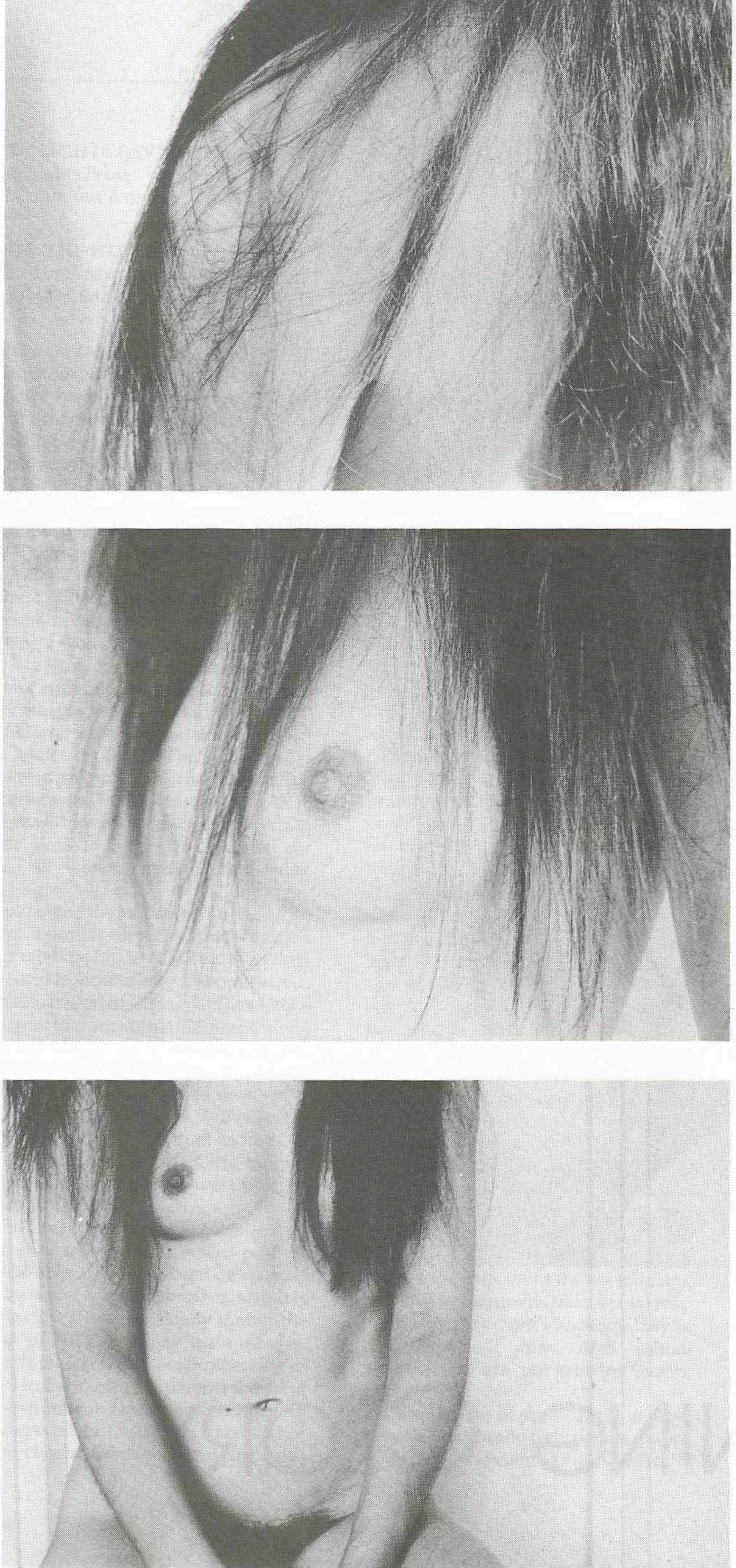
"...the point is not to wrap oneself in a latex barrier at the moment of sexual transcendance, but to do an appropriate accoutrement before sticking a finger with cuts or sores into an asshole or vagina."

Sometimes the anger is overcome with loss. Karen Findley recalls in her poem, "Paris With Johnny," a visit by the ghost of her lost friend

(continued on page 38)



CROWNING GLORY



MODEL
AULI

PHOTOGRAPHY
RIITTA MÄKINEN

REVIEWS *(continued from page 34)*

And then I tried to smell his breath
Then I cried. My friend had died
of modern plague and I felt so guilty
Cause I hadn't died with him
I felt guilty cause I wasn't sick
All of my friends were dying on me
I hate the people I love now.

It is this vulnerability, and a very feminine one at that, that has been absent in women's discussions of AIDS. In the quest to be heroic, to be amazons facing AIDS, instead of mere lesbians facing our fears of death and sex, we have missed the point entirely of the courage it takes to deal honestly with such a dilemma.

Although *City Lights'* Forum also fails to address a point–blank lesbian sexual experience with AIDS, the artists who contributed the lack of inhibition which is the pre–requisite to revelation. A successful lesbian discussion of how we live with AIDS will start from this honesty.

The "Lesbians Facing AIDS" portion of the book doesn't face the two biggest taboos in the lesbian AIDS reaction: fucking men, and the lesbian needle–user. ∆

BUTCHFLIP *(continued from page 21)*

"Hey," she says, surprised and no doubt uncomfortable — I'm holding her arm pretty hard.

"What's the matter, big boy, you can dish it out but can't take it? It's not pretty to have the tricks you use on other girls turned against you, is it?"

"No, it's not pretty," she says drily, "but somehow I'm not entirely surprised."

I laugh a slow evil laugh. "What tipped you off?"

"Oh, I don't know. Girls who want to lay down for me don't usually invite me to their place after one dance and virtually no conversation." There's a hint of a smile in her voice. That pleases me. It's only fun to roll butches if they get into it.

I laugh again and take a firmer grip on her nipple. Just as I suspected, she squirms. "Uh huh, big boy, you don't want to want anything that bad that quick, do you?" Her breathing's coming a little quicker now, and uneven.

She doesn't answer me, just swallows her drink in one gulp and puts the glass down on the table, her hand unsteady.

"Big butches like you don't want to get fucked, do they?"

"That's right," she says.

"Uh huh. I see. Well that's not what this looks like to me," I say, running one hand down to her crotch, pressing the seam of the Levi's against her clit. "No, that's not what this looks like to me at all, you jumping all over the place like any other cunt, like any other common piece of ass." She refrains from comment, but she's straining against my hand.

"You're lying to me. You can't tell me that you don't want to lie down for me, for some nasty girl you don't even know. You can't tell me you don't my hand inside there, don't want me to rub that sweet clit of yours until it aches. You can't tell me that, can you, big boy?"

"No." Her voice is losing its perfect cool, softening infinitesimally. I want to tear into her, open her up under my fingers, under my mouth. I lead her, or rather push her, one hand still holding her arm behind her back, into my bedroom. I take a firm grip on her hair and turn her around to face me, kissing her mouth and working her tits and clit through the jeans until I'm practically holding her up. She tries to move so I touch her just a little harder. I push her onto the bed.

"Take your clothes off for me, and make it pretty."

She can't do it. It's such a girl thing, to take your clothes off for someone who's watching you, enjoying your body. Butches are used to women doing that for them. Her face is a mixture of desire and defiance, quite a beauty. I stifle a strong urge to gloat.

"Come on, take your clothes off," I say.

She shakes her head. "I can't."

Slowly, deliberately, I come and lie on top of her. "Come now," I say. "You got those clothes on this morning. You must know how to take them off."

Her face turns red, but she shakes her head again, glaring down at the bed. I pull her hair, forcing her to look at me.

"You don't mean you can't, you mean you won't," I hiss, "and that's very bad. And surely you know what bad boys get."

"No," she says, almost tauntingly, "what do bad boys get?" She thinks I'm going to mete out some punishment, maybe a slap, something she could enjoy. But I'm meaner than that.

"Bad boys," I drawl, "get nothing. Get it? Bad boys don't get kissed, bad boys don't get fucked. Bad boys get left to ache alone in their blue jeans. So either get over it and take your clothes off or get your ass off my bed and call yourself a cab."

She smiles kind of ruefully and starts unbuttoning her shirt, not looking at me.

"There's a nice boy, nice little boy. Make it pretty for me and maybe I'll give you what you want."

Finally she lies there, naked, wanting, and really embarrassed. She wants me to do something, anything, just to stop looking at her.

"How do you like it, boy? How do you like to get fucked?"

Silence.

"You better tell me or you aren't going to get it."

"I like it," she says tersely, "on my stomach, and hard."

"Uh huh. Well then you better turn over and put that pretty ass in the air so I can remind you what all this is about."

She turns over slowly, half-glaring at me over her shoulder. I lie on top of her, wrapping one arm underneath to her breast, running my other hand up and down her legs, circling over her ass and around her cunt. I open her with one slow and deliberate finger, spreading the wet around, teasing her clit. She smells good. I feel like something that hasn't been fed in too long.

"Oh, so pretty," I croon, "and you smell so good, too. But you looked so angry a minute ago that I wonder if you still want me." I tease the opening of her cunt with two fingers.

"Yes," she says, "Fuck me. Please." She sounds not at all contrite, but shit, I'll give her points for trying. Besides, I need to get inside her. I slide my fingers inside her, working in delicate circles, gentle, teasing strokes.

"Is that good, baby? Is that how you like it?"

"You know it's not," she mutters. She's rocking all over the bed trying to get me to push harder.

"Ask and you might receive, baby."

Silence.

"Now, look," I say, fucking her just slightly harder, "this is no time to pull a strong–and–silent trip. Don't you think you might as well try to get it the way you want it, the way you really need it? You know I can give it to you. But you've got to ask.

"Harder," she says, her voice almost inaudible, "I need it harder."

"Does my big butch need it hard? Is that how you like it?"

"More...please more," she says.

"More what, cunt?"

"More inside me. Please."

"Next thing you know you'll be telling me you want my whole hand."

"I want your whole hand right now."

"You do, huh? I'm sure you can do better than that," I say. I smile at her — but I also stop fucking her.

"Please fuck me. Please give me the whole thing."

"Make it worth my while."

"I'll make it worth your while. I'll give it up for you so good. Feel how open I am. You could put your whole fist in me right now. Please. I want you."

So, she can beg sweet when it matters. I like that in a girl. And she's right, I could just slide my fist into her and I want to. I just want one more thing first. *Show* me you want it now, cunt."

Absolute silence. Absolute motionlessness. Oh shit. I know she knows what I mean, but will she do it? I have this hideous moment of self-doubt in every fuck where I wonder if I'm really good enough to pull this off, if I'm hot enough to make this worth *her* while.

"You know what I want," I say, all the more menacing for my brief moment of vacillation. I fuck her harder, to give her a little motivation.

She picks herself up onto her hands and knees and moves herself back against my hand. I can hardly help but slide it into her.

"That's right, show me how bad you need it, open it up for me." I reach under the bed for a glove and the lube, work the glove onto my hand and spread some lube on it. She stays right there on her knees, waiting for me. "That's good, that's good." Slowly, so slowly, I work my hand into her. She makes a low groan when I finally get all the way inside her, and as always, I have a moment of sheer amazement at, and almost overwhelming gratitude for, the fact that I have my whole hand in a woman's cunt.

"No, don't lie down yet. Hold it up there for me. I want to see you rock around my wrist." I start to fuck her hard. She's wide open and I have waited long enough. So good, so good. I put my whole arm into it, lose myself in the motion. She starts to let go, to make small noises, to let her face move when I move inside her. "That's right, that's right, let me hear about it, baby, let me hear how you like it."

I fuck her right down onto the bed and slide my other hand around to work her clit. Almost immediately she starts to stiffen.

"If you think you're coming in the immediate future, you can think again," I say. "I waited long enough, now I'm going to take you for as long as I want. And you're not going to come until I tell you to, got it?"

"But I can't wait much longer."

"That's what you think." I move my hand away from her clit and just penetrate her for awhile, a long while in fact. Then I take my hand out and just play with her clit. Either way, it's not quite enough.

I can see on her face when she stops straining and moves only in response to my hands. No more pretensions of control. No more butch trips. All gone. All mine.

"Please. Please don't stop."

I don't want to stop. I want to let it all go, to take her. No more tough-girl lines — now I just want to give her what she wants. "Come for me," I say quietly. "Come for me now."

She makes no noise. She just goes still, so still, and then I feel her cunt grip and release, many small strong times, and she relaxes under my hands.

I sit very still with her, feeling the motions inside and listening to her breathing. I carefully slide my hand out of her, peel off the glove, reach under the bed for a trick towel and come up to kiss her.

She smiles at me. "Give me that towel," she says, comfortable as if we'd done this hundred of times before. I'm so relieved. I hate it when these tricks get all weird on me afterwards.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" she asks, after some moments of silence. Her voice has regained its smoothness, its composure.

"Do you want me to get your cigarettes for you?" I figure this is only courteous, since I'm dressed and she isn't.

"Thanks. They're in my jacket pocket."

By the time I come back from the living room with her cigarettes, she's buttoning up her jeans. I knew it.

"Here you go," I say, tossing them to her.

"Thanks," she says again, pulling her lighter out of her jeans pocket and lighting one. She sits back down on the bed to smoke.

"So," she says, all attitude, "did I make it worth your while?"

"You'd still be wanting it if you hadn't," I say.

"Can I make it more worth your while?"

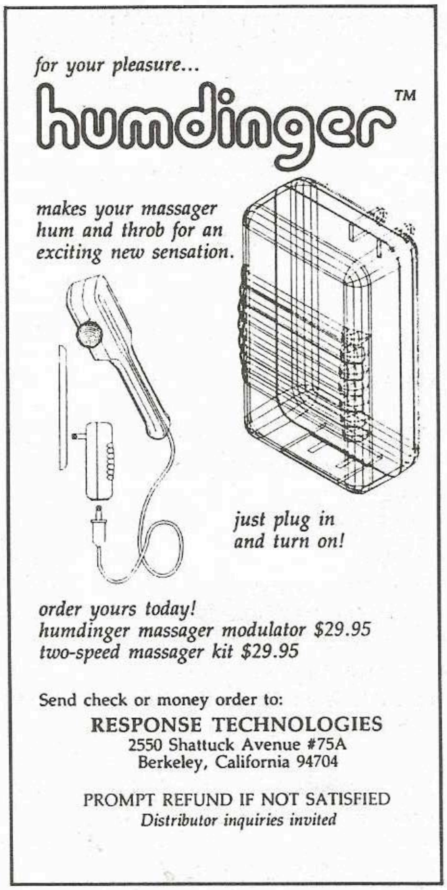
"No," I say. I'd like to see her try to make it worth my while some time. But not tonight.

She swings her long legs off my bed, puts her boots on, stubs out her cigarette, and walks out to the living room. She slides into her leather jacket and comes over and gives me a kiss. "So maybe sometime?"

"Maybe so."

"Okay," she says, closing the door behind her. I listen to her footsteps in the hall. Just before she hits the stairs she calls back, "Thanks."

Anytime, I think. Anytime. Δ



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NEW ORLEANS *(continued from page 33)*

Wow, this was deep. I had just dropped by to see if she was still alive. Some cough syrup would be nice but I wasn't gonna fuck for it.

"Here." She shoved me a dark amber bottle in a crumpled paper bag; I handed her a twenty. I looked down at my string bag on the floor, filled with bread, cheese and sweet, gold-flecked, green grapes. The sounds of the street, where I had been just a few minutes ago, seeped in through the window.

I had been back in town a week now. I'd forgotten about Fontaine when I'd left six years ago. I'd been walking from one end of the city to another the day after my aunt's funeral when my feet had stopped in front of the old hotel remembering what I'd forgotten — the music: Jimi, Janis, Buddy Miles, water pipes, acid and strawberry wine, and Fontaine. I couldn't imagine she still lived there, but her father had been paying the rent then; maybe he still was.

My feet padded across the faded maroon carpet of the old hotel lobby.

"Miss Fontaine please, room 522," I told an ancient little man behind the desk, fully

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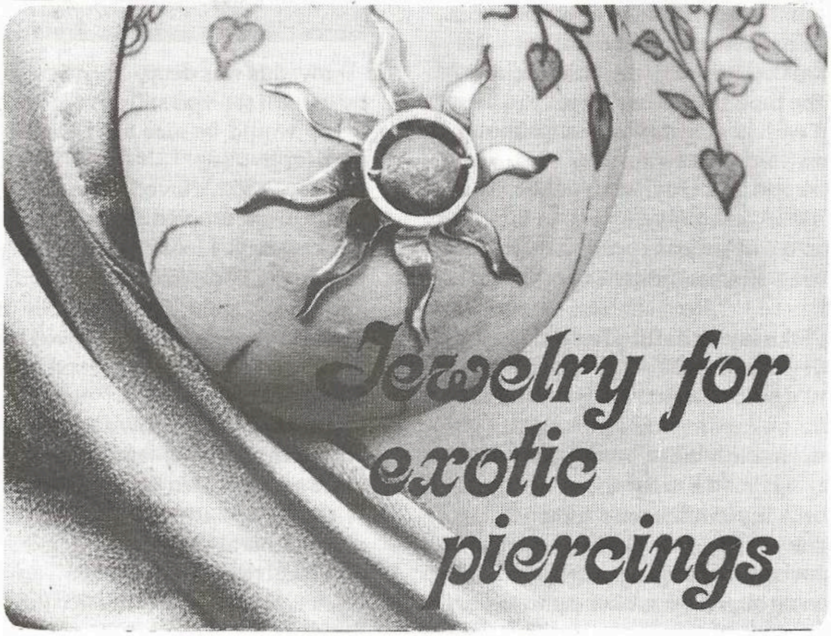

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expecting him to say, "Who? Oh, her, she ain't lived here in years." But instead his voice had limped softly out of his mouth, "Go right up."

It seemed like years since I had stepped out of the elevator and through the not unfamiliar blue door at the end of the hall. I looked at my watch: it hadn't been years; I'd only been sitting in the chair in Fontaine's room for 15 minutes or so. Fontaine, gaunt and emaciated, stared at me with hard eyes. I stared back at her. It was the anorexia, I thought, reaching for my bag.

"You just got here!" she wailed.

Dylan crooned: *with your sheets like metal*
and your belt like lace
and your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace
and your basement clothes and your hollow face
who among them do you think could outguess you?

She was dying. And I was leaving as fast as I could get up and out of there. But I didn't go. I sat there staring at her quilt, red roses on yellow squares. I looked at her shiny black leather riding boots. She looked at me looking.

"Brand new," she shrugged, gesturing to the boots. "Never wore 'em before."

My knees felt like they had rusted but somehow I got up. I moved away from the curtains, fighting the light, away from the red roses on their yellow squares. The door was not far. I would get there.

sad–eyed lady of the lowlands
where the sad–eyed prophet says that no man comes

I looked back at Neptune on blue velvet and Fontaine pulling her arms out of her denim jacket.

my warehouse has my Arabian drums
should I put them by your gate

Against the deep plum drapes she was whiter than the white lace.

or sad–eyed lady should I wait

Bones were revealed in stark, sad relief as she stripped away her clothes; her body an elongated white tear. I stood up. My feet moved but not where I told them to go. I knelt beside her, helping her slide the hard boots off her feet, one then the other. Now the jeans. I grasped at the cavern between the two pale flares of her pubic bones. I pulled her pants off, dropping them beside the bed. Her arm went around my neck like a hook.

"Wait!" I pleaded. Her smell was harsh — fear, nicotine, perfume. No heat, no sex odor.

My breasts dropped from my bra, warm with the heat of my body. Opening my jeans I was aware of the roundness of my belly as I slid my jeans down. I dropped my pants on the floor next to hers. I pulled back the quilt, yanked up the sheet that had wrinkled beneath it and slid under the covers like a little girl. My hand on her arm told her to do the same. Her eyes were silent, begging. I eased her on top of me. She seeped through me like sand. My hands moved slowly over the psychic battlefield that was her body, over the war she was losing. Sadness filled me as my hand spanned her thigh, her buttocks. Hold her, hold her, hold her, my soul screamed. It felt so good to hold someone, to feel her breath on my cheek. I stopped being horrified at what she had lost and marvelled at what she had — life, breath, legs between my opening thighs.

"Turn over," I whispered. Prayerfully my hands moved over her body; like the wind everywhere finding armpit, shoulder, hair, ears, thighs, feet, breast, chin, mouth. I put a shell to my ear, trying to hear the sea. She began to talk like the sea does — in whispers, moans, churnings. I moved down in the bed and took her vagina to my mouth. My tongue searched for life between her legs. One orifice pressed to another, to suck. First thing we know to do when we're born, suck. Or die. My tongue beat her clitoris, joy spreading over my face as the sea began to flow in my mouth.

"Please," she whispered.

I kept on, my mouth a warrior in a pink battlefield pushing back death. Feel, feel, feel, I willed. Her body began to rock in the old–time rhythm and I knew it wouldn't be long. I kept on and on, her body mine, mine hers. I felt the soft moans coming from her throat before I heard them. I took her on top of me and we pressed our bodies together, rocking like Naomi and Ruth must have rocked. She anchored my head back down between her legs; the taste was alive in my mouth. She came again and again.

We held each other quiet, long. She laughed, a warm soft bird in my arms. Stroking my face she whispered, "Momi what can I do for you?"

I hesitated for a second, then reached over for the sweet grapes. Holding them to her mouth I said, "Eat." Δ

RODEO *(continued from page 19)*

Francisco. Perhaps I should have been stressed too, but I had run through this event a hundred times or more in my mind. I was ready and could do nothing more than relax, and think of Kat.

There are several types of women at rodeos: the rodeo queens (and the wanna-be's), the buckle–bunnies, cowboy's wives and those who want to marry a cowboy, and the barrel racers. Even the racers have their own factions, and despite the propaganda to the contrary, there are a lot of us who would rather keep company with each other than with some studly cowhand.

The year was my fifteenth on the circuit and I definitely qualified as an old hand at barrel racing, a "sage hen" to some. My first year started out a lonely one as I traveled around the country as a rookie. It seemed that everyone was sizing me up and trying to figure out what the "pretty little brunette" was all about and if I had what it took. Eventually things started to change as I began to win. At the same time I traded Skol for cigarettes and carried the tin in my back pocket. A few people decided that I might be worthy of consideration and I guess that was more than confirmed at the bar of the Sheraton in Oklahoma City when I broke the wrist of a rookie bare-back rider who got a little too close and helped himself to a handful of my bottom without being invited.

From that time on I was never at a lack for companionship. On my travels I was always partnered up with a girl; sometimes for a season and sometimes for a couple of years. Yet, despite all the miles, the towns, the rodeos, and all the girls, I had never fallen in love; not until Kat.

I fell in love with Katrina the first time I ever saw her, in Cheyenne. I was sitting on the sidelines at the rodeo nursing a broken knee. When she rode into the arena on her big, black horse, I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was tall, graceful, with a luxurious mane of golden hair and huge green eyes. She reminded me of a lioness, and from that day on she was "Kat" to me.

I saw her several more times that year and when I was able to ride again, I made a point of striking up a friendship with her.She had a smile that implied mischief and a way of veiling her large eyes behind long lashes, with just a hint of coyness. Whenever she came near I could feel my stomach tighten. As the season's end drew near, I became extremely busy and rarely saw her, but I couldn't get her out of my mind.

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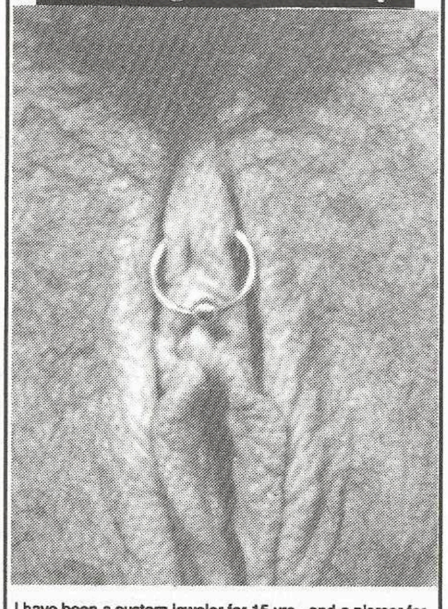

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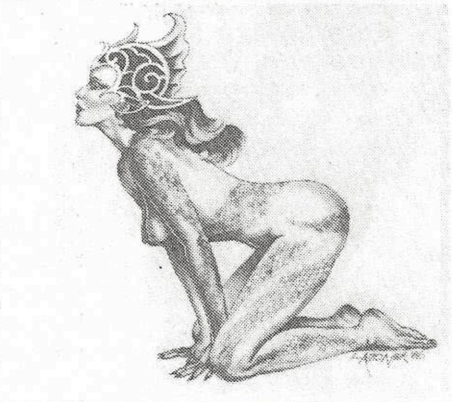

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The winter found both of us at a horse auction in Oklahoma City. Weeks had passed since we had seen each other so we spent a leisurely dinner catching up. I invited her to come and spend the night at my small ranch just east of the city. To my surprise she took me up on it.

The moon was brilliant that night and a slightly chilled breeze drifted through the fields as we walked up to the porch. Once inside, Kat headed straight to the bedroom as though she lived there and without a word started to undress. I was dumbfounded, and just stood by the bedroom door watching her take off her blouse and jeans. She stood by the bed, in a black lacy bra and panties, looking at me as if to say, "Yes? No?"

I shook myself from my trance and removed my own shirt and wiggled out of my too-tight Wranglers. By the time I was finished, Kat was kneeling on the bed, naked, lit from the side by the moon. Her body was perfect, as if carved from alabaster. She was tight, muscular, with hard, girlish breasts and between her long, willowy legs was a wisp of golden hair.

I knelt in front of her on the bed and we held each other, nuzzling and kissing each other's neck and shoulders. As we pressed closer, I could feel the beat of her heart between my breasts. Her hands gently played down my back to my ass, my cunt became warm and wet, and my asshole tightened. Shyly, our eyes closed, we grazed each other's lips, tasting one another.

Sinking down on the bed, stretched out, my body on top of hers, we touched point to point. She kissed me with an open, hungry mouth and I began to grind my mons against her moist pussy. She wrapped her legs around me tight and closed her eyes as if in pain. Her back arched and she went taut, trembling for a few anguished seconds, and then she moaned and slid into her orgasm. When we finally separated our bodies glistened in the moonlight.

I slipped between her legs and gently sucked the soft folds of her labia with my lips. My fingers played with the small jewels of moisture that clung to her golden bush and I inhaled her musk. I was delirious with her taste and as I nibbled her swollen clit, she rolled her hips slightly and groaned as another orgasm neared. She put her hands below her back and lifted her hips off the bed, grinding her pussy into my face. I pushed two of my fingers into my own cunt and began to stroke in and out as I played on her clit with my tongue. She cried out, trembled, and my own orgasm instantly followed.

For the next few weeks, the early part of the rodeo season, we were constant companions and traveled everywhere together. It didn't take long for us to fall into a routine. We'd meet in some small restaurant near the rodeo grounds after a performance, have a quick dinner, then hurry back to our motel room. Sometimes Kat was so eager that she wouldn't bother undressing. She'd just pull down her jeans and sit at the edge of the bed while I knelt between her legs and went down on her. Sometimes we'd kiss and cuddle, play with each other's breasts and slowly finger each other to orgasm. But Kat never made any attempt to go down on me and I didn't ask her to. I was so much in love with her and so happy at the privilege of making love to her.

As the weeks went on, though, Kat's climaxes became more and more elusive. The nights were strained and she became distant. She was winning on the circuit; I wasn't, simply content just to be with her.

Midsummer found us back in Oklahoma and it was there that Kat told me of her plans to travel the rest of the season by herself.

As she put it, "Your career has gone to hell. Eventually you'll hold me to blame; I won't have that. When you can manage your career the way you used to, then ya'll can come back and talk to me."

I hurt badly, but there was nothing to do but to let her go. I didn't hear from her for the rest of the season until San Francisco, the night of the Grand National finals at the Cow Palace.

I hadn't seen her at all during the week of the rodeo because Kat had drawn the evening performances and I had drawn to ride in the slack time during the day. But on the night of the finals we were riding together. As the racers rode around the warm-up arena she never glanced at me, but I watched her. She looked cool and aloof but her movements were stiff and tension strained her face. We didn't speak, not even as we gathered to move down the alley toward the main arena for the final competition.

Someone in the distance yelled, "Let 'er ride!" The crowd roared, and the voice of the announcer shook me from my thoughts as Kat started her ride.

"And now entering the arena! One of the fastest rising stars of barrel racing! A young lady who can ride them horses hard and fast! She's around the first barrel and look at her go! She's around the second! Look at that black horse move! And now she's around the third and let's bring her on home! She's ridin'. She's really movin'. Oh, yeah! And a great time of 17 seconds flat!"

Kat rode back up the alley, past me, on her way to the stable area. She said nothing but I noticed a quick glance of recognition. Her face was pale and drawn.

The rest of the event progressed quickly and my own ride seemed to last only a couple of seconds. It was perfection. My aging bay mare, Mariah, gave me the performance of her life. Each move was excellence, every turn flawless, all delivered with the speed of a young filly. When it was all over, we had a victory. Kat hadn't even placed.

Trophy buckle and winnings in hand, Mariah and I slowly walked back to the stable area. I felt exhilarated but at the same time I felt saddened as i found myself wishing that Kat and I were going to the National Finals together. When I arrived at Mariah's stall, I found a short handwritten message tacked to the door:

"Congratulations. I knew you'd do it. If you've got a mind to, come to the Holiday Lodge on Van Ness, Room 232.—— Kat."

I had some misgivings, but I went. When I arrived at Kat's room she opened the door wearing only sapphire-blue panties and an oversized white silk blouse with the buttons undone. She gave me a hug and led me in by the hand. With soft music playing on her portable stereo, she turned off the lights and lit a candle. She slipped out of her clothes, never taking her eyes off me, and lay down on the bed, tracing a finger through her golden bush. At first I wanted to leave but the desire to be with her won out once again and I quickly undressed and stretched out beside her. I expected her to invite me between her thighs and offer her cunt to my mouth, but instead she rolled on top of me, kissing my neck, my lips, my breasts and stomach. After a few moments she slid down the length of my body and placed her mouth to my pussy.

I lay there, gazing at the ceiling but seeing nothing. Until then it always seemed that desire flowed from me to her, but now, as her tongue played on me, everything changed. Tears welled up in my eyes. Looking through a haze and watching her beautiful face, I remembered all the hours that I had been lost in her, loving the way her cunt met my mouth, how she tasted, how she came. And I remembered all the unhappier times when she grew distant and then wasn't there at all.

Kat continued toying with my pussy and brushed my clit with her tongue before taking it between her soft lips. She worked her strong hands underneath my ass and then spread my cheeks, probing my asshole with her finger. An orgasm began to stir inside me, but as I felt my body start to tense, she pulled her head away and looked up.

"Stay here," she whispered with no trace of emotion on her face.

I ground my teeth in frustration. Was I being had? Kat walked away from the bed and into the shadows where I couldn't see anything. For an instant I thought she was getting dressed but then she turned around and walked back to me. She was wearing a beautiful dildo that swung from between her soft thighs with the rhythm of her walk.

An insinuating smile was on her lips as she drew closer, lightly stroking her cock with one hand. She crawled onto the bed and knelt between my legs, guiding the head of the phallus to my eager cunt. I opened my legs wider as she rubbed the cock up and down my slit; each time playing it against my clit until my whole body shook. She leaned over me and dipped her fingers into her own cunt to lubricate the dildo with her sweet juice. She carefully brought her cock into me. I closed my eyes and drifted into ecstasy as she pushed deeper into me. I raised my legs and wrapped them around her, drawing her even closer.

Gently she began to fuck. Each stroke was deliberate. As she moved above me, her hair covered us like a soft golden veil.

"Oh yes," I whispered and I started to melt inside. I looked up at her, through the blonde haze of her hair. The look of mischief had been replaced by the softest smile. Her eyes were wide, soft and lined with wetness. I felt closer to her at that moment than I had ever felt before. Closer than I had felt to anyone.

"I love you," she whispered.

With those words I started coming. I wanted to scream and cry at the same time. I wanted to flow into her as I felt my cares and memories dissolve. I pulled Kat in even closer, until we were the same body. She too could no longer hold back and sobbed as her body tensed and shook. Her tears fell on my cheek.

For three years we stayed together, traveling the circuit from rodeo to rodeo and occasionally resting at home in Oklahoma. But all things change and I finally retired to California to take up full-time horse training. Kat is still with the rodeo, her beautiful mane streaming from beneath her black hat. And when it's Grand National time again, I'm right there in the front row, watching and remembering. Δ

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SEXPOINT *(continued from page 11)*

esting sensibility to the subject: "The model's gorgeous, but that tacky green teddy has got to go! Ugh!" There was never any question as to who was writing this, and as usual I could say anything I wanted as long as it was funny.

In fact, there's only one time I remember running into problems as a woman writing for this paper. I had to write an introduction to a piece on adult circumcision.

It was a first–person account of a European man getting his foreskin removed, and he made it sound like he was losing an eye or having a heart–lung transplant. I'm sorry, but I just couldn't relate. So I wrote the usual bit of mocking *Screw* introductory humor, only to have it come back from my boss as this "we men, ha–ha" macho schtick. I asked him what gives, and he told me my intro sounded written by a woman. Surprise! I hadn't heard anything so funny since "you throw like a girl." I asked him whether it was supposed to sound written by an armadillo or what, and pointed out that circumcision wasn't exactly my forte. He pointed out to me that the majority of my audience was men who just might take the subject rather personally, and we came to an agreement: in the future, I would show a little more sensitivity in that area, if you will, and if he wanted anything written about foreskins he would do it himself.

Even if and when I leave this job, I'm never going to flinch in a dirty book store again. Especially in the Reagan/Bush era, we need all the obscenity we can get. In a way, it's an idealistic dedication to the First Amendment that keeps me devoted to *Screw* . It's an old song and dance but it's true — when free speech is attacked, it's smut that takes all the pummeling and keeps the heat off controversial political speech. Ban porn, and right–wing censors will use the precedent to go right for the jugular. I like to think that, when I'm involved in perpetrating some particularly vile piece of potentially libelous satire, in my own way I'm doing something socially responsible, perhaps even important. And maybe somewhere out there there's an FBI file with my name on it. It's nice to know someone cares.

Let's put it this way: every week, I help put out a professional paper that I'm proud of. I provide an essential service to New York area sex consumers and wankers everywhere, and I get to be a total lunatic at the same time. It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it. Δ

BATHING SUIT *(continued from page 31)*

large at times — like when trying to find a two–piece bathing suit. She led me to another room in the store where there were mix–and–match suits, some with tops and bottoms that could be interchanged.

I decided to start with the bras and, for some reason, I asked if she might stay in the mirrored dressing room and help with the fit. But when I unbuttoned my shirt and drew it away from the plain white bra I was wearing, I distinctly heard a gasp.

My breasts were — and still are — quite firm. The only difference is that today my nipples are much more pronounced and two children have added a cup size. The sales clerk stood motionless as I took off my bra in the changing room and — in the mirror — I could see her eyes fasten on my nipples.

Those nipples were a great help, immediately stiffening, so I pulled on the first top I could find and held the straps under my arms for the girl to fasten the back catch.

"Well, my goodness," she finally managed. "You have quite a chest."

The thin fabric did little to hide my protruding nipples. I took my palms and tried to push the tips back, but on me that doesn't work. It just made matters worse. My new friend suggested that we try another top, but my face was as red as the coral bottoms that went with the bathing suit she offered. I asked if she would simply help adjust the shoulder straps.

All she did was let the straps out as far as they would go and I told her I'd take it. But then she asked if I would try on a new top and bottoms that had just come in, a suit made of chamois. "Of course," I said, and reached behind to undo the clasp of the red suit.

But her hands were faster, undoing the hooks and sliding along my back to under my arms where she could remove the shoulder straps as well. Her hands lingered, if only for a second. I thought perhaps I was being too much of a prude.

Then I pulled the chamois top to my chest while she hooked it in back. The fit was marvelous. Although it was cut low, the underwire seemed to cradle my breasts and I loved the way the buttery-soft leather felt on my skin. I didn't even notice nipple protrusion until the girl said, her voice catching, that maybe I should try on the bottoms.

Chasing the sun as I do, I keep my pubic hair trimmed awfully short. I used to shave my quim, and most of the hair closest to my sex has simply never grown back.

I took a deep breath and undid the belt in my walking shorts. As I stepped out of them, I could see the sales clerk's eyes focusing pointedly at the pale blue panties I was wearing and the way my breasts moved in the chamois.

I reached for the bottoms to pull them on over my underwear and, at this, the clerk drew a short breath and said simply, "Take off the panties."

It wasn't a request, nor was it a demand. Yet I did as she said, hooking my thumbs in the panties and drawing them down my legs. Once again, I heard the girl breathe out. I avoided her eyes.

As I pulled the chamois pants up, I realized I was soaking wet. In an effort to draw attention elsewhere, I asked her, "What type of bra are you wearing?"

Saying nothing, but staring at my breasts, she unbuttoned her blouse. "This bra comes from Sweden," she finally said, showing a lacy demi–cup affair that gave way to her rapidly hardening nipples. I dropped my head.

"The chamois pants feel perfect," I said. "I'll buy this suit as well as the other."

But then the girl reached behind her back and undid the Swedish bra. "Try this on...it's your size."

Now it was my turn to gasp. Her breasts were also quite firm for their size, and while her nipples were not as large as mine, the aereolas were perfectly round and slight beads of sweat highlighted tiny hairs at the top of her cleavage.

As I put her bra on one of my nipples seemed to a catch on the top of the cup. Before I could readjust the bra, the clerk put two fingertips on my nipple, gently tucking it under the stretched fabric.

Her eyes locked on mine and with the same fingers, she drew my nipple back out, scraping it with her teeth as her moist lips closed over it.

I shut my eyes as tightly as I could but my hands somehow gently closed on her still bare breasts and felt the hardness of her nipples in one of the most sensuous moments of my life.

Within seconds, her lips were on mine, and I couldn't tell if the salty taste was from her tears or mine. We sank to the dressing room floor and made love, the first of many afternoons I would spend with her that summer.

When I returned the next year, for holiday, the little boutique was gone, and her with it. I still have the chamois suit; the soft top that still cradles her perfume, the bottoms that caught my first wetness when she touched me. Δ

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CONTRIBUTORS

Sapphire is a writer and performing artist currently living in New York City. She is the author of *Meditations on the Rainbow*, a book of poetry available from Crystal Bananas Press. **Victoria Lynne Neil** is a transplant from Chandler, Oklahoma who is hoping to settle in Sonoma County. In addition to training horses, she is a photographer and artist, and spends her free time in Mountain View looking for love in all the right places. **Jessica Tanzer** planned on being a lawyer, then realized her interest is photography and her responsibility to the community. She says of her work, "It's a nasty dirty job but somebody's got to do it." **Della Disgrace** debuted in our last issue with The Girl Can't Help It centerfold. We're still wiping the sweat off our brows over that one. **Kelly Dylan** is a photographer and independent phone sex entrepreneur living in San Francisco. **Kathy Petrere** is the Indianapolis winner of our 1989 Lesbian Erotic Photography contest. **Jacki Randall** lives and works in Baltimore but makes her presence known here in San Francisco. **Tracy Mostovoy,** winner of the 1988 Erotic Photo contest, recently moved to New York, where she has been learning and photographing the joys of tantric sex with Annie Sprinkle. **Riitta Makinen** sends us her hot work from the cold Finnish climate. **Kathy Michael** is a "lipstick femme" devoted to the pursuit of sexual fantasies, neo–classic designs, photography, film collecting and body building. She received Honorable Mention in our 1989 Lesbian Erotic Photography contest. **Jewels Kuchen** is the pen name for the Jewish Lesbian Writer's Group, seven Boston area women who've been meeting for six years. "Peppermint" is their first collective effort. **Sue Kossoy** has been writing about the sex biz for two years and suffers from terminal confusion. **L. Nash** is a senior at Wesleyan University, where she indulges in the perverse pleasures of academia. **Jennifer Camper** lives in New York and denies all rumors about those ladies in her bathtub, the electric drill, and the lemons.

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WICKED WOMEN

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BUSINESS

MATRICES

Matrices is a networking newsletter for lesbians doing research and scholarship of importance to other lesbians. We believe that *Matrices* provides a vital link in the worldwide project of lesbian inquiry and information sharing. 1 yr. (3 issues) $5 U.S., $9.50 foreign. 2 yrs $9.50 U.S., $13.50 foreign. *Matrices*, Women's Studies, 492 Ford Hall, 224 Church St. SE, Minneapolis MN 55455.

BAD ATTITUDE

A lesbian sex magazine. Hot and irreverent. Publishing since 1984. $12 for a three issue subscription / $4 for a sample copy. Send check or money order to: Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

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On the cutting edge of sexual politics. Available by subscription: GCN, 62 Berkeley St., Boston, MA 02114. $33/year; $20/25 weeks; $12/low income. Gay Community News: the permier newsweekly!

OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

A journal of woman-to-woman S/M. Fantasy, analysis, erotic art and much more. Sub: $13/four issues. Single issues: $4. Must state you are over 18. SASE for info: Box23, Somerville, MA 02143.

CONDITIONS

Conditions is a feminist magazine, with emphasis on writing by lesbians. The *Conditions* collective is comprised of editors whose diverse cultural, racial and regional backgrounds reflect the magazine's continuing concern with recording the experiences and viewpoints of women of color, lesbians, working class, older and disabled women. $24 subscription for 3 issues, $8.95 for single issue. Checks payable to *Conditions*, P.O. Box 150056, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, New York 11215-0001.

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Flying Fish, Box 1351, Decatur, GA 30031-1351.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE LESBIAN ALUMS

Lesbian Alumnae of Wellesley (LAW) was formed to help lesbian alumnae contact each other and to create a supportive network for ourselves. Absolutely confidential! Quarterly newsletter. For information: LAW, PO Box 42, Cambridge, MA 02140.

RADICAL HARDCORE LESBIAN VIDEOS

Intense erotic all women extravaganzas, $19.95 VHS. Beautiful transvestite and lesbians 1989 menage $23.50. Girls who love girls color magazines 2 for $10.00. ASTRAL, Box 931753, Hollywood, CA 90093.

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The Price of Equality, by Rev. Sally Brocato: Eleven short stories encourage acceptance and equality for racial, sexual and social minorities. Attitudinal and behavioral change in education and in usage of public and private monies are clearly illustrated. $6.95. Available from Carlton Press, Inc., 11 West 32nd St., New York, NY 10011. Add $.75 for postage.

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AIDS In Common, by Rev. Sally Brocato. A collection of short stories depicting the lack of discrimination shown by the HIV virus in choosing its targets. A good gift for folks who see AIDS disease as "beneath them." $7.50. Available from Carlton Press, Inc. 11 West 32nd St., New York, NY 10001. Add $.75 for postage.

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Woman-to-woman S/M group forming in Sacramento for information, education, and support. Interested women reply to P.O. Box 5953, Sacramento, CA 95817.

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Beautiful, feminine Bi-girl, mid-20s, physically fit and voluptuously built, wants same to share deluxe apartment behind house of my handsome multimillionaire boyfriend in Beverly Hills. We'll live free on magnificent property in a 2-way relationship with some light domestic duties. Want stable, nonsmoking girl, no drugs, not butch. Photo with letter to PO Box 6464, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. Box 556.

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WANTED EDITORIAL ASS'T/*ON OUR BACKS*

Experienced in contemporary lesbian literature, gay news and sexual politics. Part time job in *On Our Backs* offices to assist in acquisitions, story development and artist support. Strong editing and copywriting skills required. Send resume & cover letter to: Susie Bright, 526 Castro, SF, CA 94114

ON OUR BACKS ARCHIVIST

On Our Backs has a long herstory of clippings, photos & other memorabilia we'd like to see organized and preserved for years to come. Please contact Susie Bright at our editorial offices if you have the library/archive experience we need and the commitment to savoring our past!

PERSONALS

ON OUR BACKS PERSONALS ARE FOR WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN ONLY.

NEW YORK/DELAWARE/ PHILADELPHIA

Painter/Writer, 23, beautiful, athletic, seeks sensual, gorgeous feminine woman with a brain and sense of humor (miniskirts, lipstick are a plus). Race, age unimportant. Letter and photo appreciated. Don't be shy. Box 564.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:

   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   On Our Backs Personals • 526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

A.S.A.P. Seeks European. Bi male, visiting Hawaiian friend. Female any age. Aloha. Box 541.

CREATIVE MAHOGANY MILITARY TOP

Hot, attractive, brown skin, drill sergeant, leather Daddy, fit, strong, safe and stern — that's me! You are very attractive femme or boyish faggy dyke, crewcuts welcomed. Be a maid, pet, little girl or boy, into bondage, tit play, hot wax, being teased, spanked and fucked. Submit and write now. Novices welcomed. Box 551.

LOOKING FOR LOVER

Chicago GWF, 27, very good looking, seeks submissive white femme who enjoys being dominated and woman-handled by me. Must be willing to relocate. I need permanent live-in lover. No pain, no drugs. Box 529.

SEEKING MASCOCHISTIC BISEXUAL

Dominant couple, bisexual female 27, safe, straight male 29, both very attractive, seeks submissive bisexual female for loving relationship in Southern California. Interested in S/M, B/D, S & R PO Box 2082, Costa Mesa, CA 92628-2082.

HOT IN HARRISBURG, PA

Atrractive blonde femme seeking attractive, sexy, slender woman to share my strong sexual desires and possible relationship. Send Photo. Box 456.

WANTED: DIRTY HARD FUCK

Looking for wild, uncensored fuckbuddy in SF area into S/M scenes, orgies, leather, bars. EZ-type Macho Slut waiting to give you trouble and take what cums. Answer alone or in pairs. Box 552.

CURVES WANTED

Attractive, sexy, curvacious, 5'3", 115 lbs, 27 y/o, looking for same (or close). Dark hair preferred — to share our curves in a hot, sensuous, sexual experience. I'm clean, no drugs, no pain, no smoke. You too. Box 565.

DOMINANT AFFECTIONATE GODDESS

Sexy, 5'8", playful, 31. Requires special submissive female for exciting, safe sex relationship. My male lover will assist me in sensuously applying bondage and training you in massage and worship. Honesty and affection. PO Box 7561, San Jose, CA 95150.

PRETTY GIRLS LET'S MEET

Let's talk and if all goes well, let's have some femme on femme lipstick fun! I'm pretty, femme and if you are the same, write me. Photo and sincere letter. SF Area. Box 555.

ATTENTION — HELEN B.

I lost your address! (It's a long story.) Please write to me asap. Jill H.

LEZ BE FRIENDS

Passionate, playful young lesbian seeks like-minded female for inspiring, erotic, sensual correspondence. Let's share dreams, thoughts, fantasies. Box 557.

EMERGING LESBIAN SEEKS COMMUNITY

Career transferred to small town just after my lesbian awareness and initiation. Honest, professional femme, tall, classy, pretty. Now I know why I liked butchy womyn! Lonesome. I'd like to hear from you. Show me lesbian community and strength. I think you'd like me. Love life, laughter, fun. But I get sexy too! Will answer your reply. Femmes, butches — share experiences, philosophy, fantasies, whatever. Box 559.

A CATCHY HEADLINE

Happily deranged 27–year–old, SF Bay Area, seeks smart, funny open–minded sex fiend for intimate relationship. I like some sixth-grade humor, bizarre disturbing music, light–to–moderate S/M (mostly bottom, some top), therapy, the Oakland As, and fucking. I despise television, monogamy, cigarettes, heavy drinkers and Republicans. Tie me up and read to me from "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy." Send letter and photo, xerox or used office supplies to Box 493.

ATTRACTIVE BUTCH WANTS FEMME

Serious and monogamous only. No pain. ;No humiliation. I'm extremely attracted to pretty femmes, 5'6" or less, of average weight, ages 23–45. I'm muscular, trim, pretty, handsome, 35, 5'4", with shoulder–length blonde hair and green eyes. Sometimes I crossdress. I'm sexual, aggressive, and educated. Write, if you'll relocate to Los Angeles and if you want a monogamous relationship. Absolutely no drugs, alcohol or cigarettes. Take a chance, pretty femme. I'm a classy butch. Box 528.

DREAMGIRL SEEKS ANGEL

Pet me, fuck me, talk to me, find my car keys. I'm the naive one who's been all over the world. You've never been any place but know it all anyway. Good looks a plus. Box 999.

HOUSTON SEEKS VISITOR

Attractive, healthy and hot femme, 32, seeks visiting butch for playful discipline and fantasy actualization. Enjoy being very submissive to hot, tall, demanding mistress. No commitment, just playmate. Letter detailing desires with photo will get same. No heavy drugs or cigarettes. Box 560.

ATTENTION MILITARY WOMEN

Are you stationed in California? If so, you have a special friend. I'm 30, white, female, sincere, honest, trustworthy and discreet. Write to me: Robin, PO Box 5992, Oxnard, CA 93031-5992. Others stationed outside of California, please write also.

BAY AREA ANARCHIST INTELLECTUAL

Looking for woman who can talk as well as fuck. Coming out of two–year unexpected, unnecessary celibacy, coming down into the body. Still timid after long disuse. Rekindle me and I will Belly–dance for you! Box 562.

IRREVERENT BAR SLUT

In New Orleans. Will meet, greet, possibly entertain travelers. I am GWF, 28, 5'9", 130 lbs., black/brown into just about everything sexual, not racially inhibited. If you're planning a trip to N.O. or if I can talk you into one, great. I drink and smoke, am financially secure, politically incorrect, and reckless as hell. Box 563.

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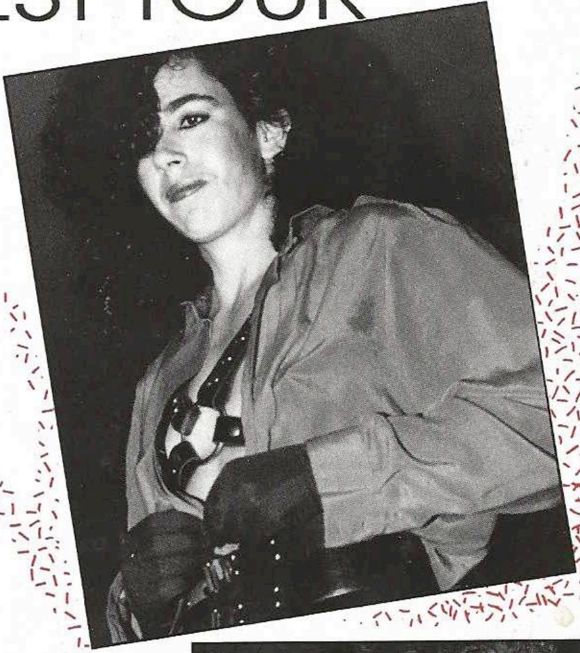

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